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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Kuzilbash: a Tale of Khorasan. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

WHAT next will yield material for the novelist? or who next will come forward in that character? *Tout en huile, tout en huile*: that which was once a treatise, is now a tale:—the abstruse point of divinity leads to a *dénouement*, and the religious novel comes forth a sermon without a text;—the philosopher broaches his system and his metaphysics side by side with an unhappy attachment;—the antiquary reviews his black-letter modernised, and must have a heroine, if it were but to dress her accurately in the costume of the times;—and the traveller gathers his romantic scenes, his wild adventures, but says, with Lord Byron, “I want a hero;”—this last is a case in point. The work now before us is one that some ten years ago would have appeared as a handsome quarto, probably with maps and views, its author’s name at full length on the title-page, followed by divers initials of diverse learned societies, and anticipating all the honours of gilt letters and morocco, binding in the dark oaken book-case of the nobility and gentry:—now, its destiny is utterly altered: the quarto appears as three little volumes—the author preserves *l’ignorance*, and the Tale of Khorasan looks more anxiously to the circulating library than to any other. This system has, like most others, its advantage and disadvantage: *its advantage*, that many who read at first but for amusement, retain both the taste and the information they have thus acquired; and that, moreover, much of useful and interesting matter thus attracts attention which would otherwise have remained neglected:—*its disadvantage*, that numbers are thus forced into the beaten track of the public favour, or rather market, who have not one requisite for the journey, but often with abilities whose other employment would have reflected credit on their possessor. This is far, however, from being the case with our present candidate: there is a wild interest about the hero well suited to the wild scenes through which he passes; and the story of his early love for Shireen is beautifully told. Still, to speak of it merely as a novel, it is faulty: it is, in reality, two stories, which would have been much better apart,—they break in too much upon one another:—secondly, the supernatural agency is very badly managed,—it does nothing which mere human aid could not have done as well; and though the hero is a fine young fellow, we see nothing in his case to merit a direct Interposition of Providence. There is also another apparition, which would be the better for a why and wherefore. But here any thing like objection ends; and most cordial praise have we to bestow on hundreds of spirited sketches, beautiful descriptions, new lights thrown on manners and customs, in countries none but a most enterprising traveller could have reached:—but let some of these speak for themselves. Ismael,

when a child, is carried off by a band of plunderers, after they have destroyed his home:—“Here were multitudes of the savage Toorkomans, whom I had been taught to hate, if not to fear, clad in coarse wrapping-gowns, scarcely girded round their bodies, and their hairy rough caps, with their wild broad features and little angular eyes, lighted up with unctuous joy, all clamorously congratulating their countrymen on their good fortune in capturing or destroying so many of us poor Kuzilbashes: and the women, with their flat Calimuck faces set off by enormous head-dresses hung all over with gold or silver coins, their hair in long plait, hanging behind and on either side the head, twisted with silver bells and buttons, came running in their loose flowing shifts to meet their husbands or sons, and screaming out inquiries as to the booty they had brought.”—“The wicker walls of his den, covered with black felt, were hung with all the traps and litter peculiar to a Toorkoman tent: old pack-saddles and camel’s furniture; leather bags for holding milk and churning butter; cooking-pots, broken wooden platters; a drama made of a hollowed wooden block, covered with a piece of sheep-skin bags of dried curds and of whale-bladders filled with oil and with butter, old boots, and piles of dressing, lay heaped in every corner, while their attention to the comeliness of the house, half free from the encumbrance of the wooden wicker-work of the walls hung sheep-skin jackets, fur caps, women’s shifts and head-dresses, tattered trowsers, bows and arrows, swords and spears, in all imaginable confusion. Already, too, had part of the plunder of our village mingled with it; and shawls, turbans, caps, silken shirts and trowsers, cloaks and slippers, with calicoons and metal platters, basins and ewers, bits of broken looking-glass, ornamented boxes, and many other things of the kind, were now subjected to a very curious scrutiny by one part of the women and children, while some of the female members of the family were employed in working carpets, in a loom at one end of the tent, and others laboured at shaking the milk in a leather bag to extract the butter from it.”

But their situation is one the poet or painter would have chosen.

“In one place, the river, which sometimes was hardly visible among the reeds, took a sweep beneath a shoulder of the bank rather higher than the rest, and swelled out into a little lake; a white sandy beach of twenty or thirty yards in length bounded its waters at the foot of this bank, which rose above it, covered with green turf. Nearly in the centre of this beach, a spring of clear cold water, which took its rise some hundred yards off, under a rock, fell into the lake. So tempting a spot had not been neglected in days of yore: the spring, from its source to the margin of the lake, had been enclosed within a garden, which, to judge by its remains, must have belonged to some powerful prince. One tradition attributed it to Afrasiab,—another, with more probability, referred it to the time of the first

Caliphs. Much care had, at all events, been taken to embellish the garden; canals, with stone cisterns, had once adorned it, and fountains might be traced, which scattered the pure waters of the stream around to cool the air. A great many stumps, for the most part quite decayed, but some of which still threw out a few sickly shoots, proved that groves of orange, pomegranate, and other fruit-trees, once flourished here, and long slender runners of the vine still crept among the tangled weeds. Just upon the edge of the bank, the little stream, after filling a canal, had been trained to fall over an artificial cascade of stone, the sides of which had been adorned with ornaments of the same; but the canal was almost obliterated, and the stone over which the water rushed was broken, and had fallen in such a manner as to confine the stream still more. A rude spout of stone had been placed so as to collect it in the basin below, and to enable the women to fill their water-vessels more easily. A huge old symmetrie tree, once the chief ornament of the garden, grew on one side and overshadowed the basin, and a vine, which had rooted itself among the broken stones, formed a still closer covering, protecting the water from the rays of the sun, so as to render it always cool and refreshing. It was a delicious spot, and had long been the favourite rendezvous of the whole race: the women came morning and evening to fill their vessels, the young lads of the men met to smoke their *calumets* under the shade; and the youths to talk over their exploits performed or anticipated, to play at games of chance, and listen to the tales of a *kissago*, or to gossip with the women; the children sported below upon the green bank, or threw themselves into the sparkling waters of the little lake at its foot.”

The next scene of oriental luxury is a good contrast to the foregoing.

“I perceived that I was in a small apartment, exquisitely fitted up with all that could contribute to comfort and to luxury. The roof was painted with flowers of azure and gold; richly flowered hangings of felt and silk covered the greater part of the walls: and the shelves and recesses were filled with china and other ornamental toys. Carpets of the most brilliant colours covered the floor, and along the top and sides of the room were spread the thickest and softest nuptials of Kermâun. A brilliant fire of wood, blazing in a handsome recess, diffused at once a delightful fragrance and a genial heat through the apartment;—and several silver lamps, and candlesticks bearing waxen tapers, shed a light equal to that of noon-day. But it was not immediately that these particulars could be observed, for my whole faculties were at first engrossed by one object; and that was a lady of majestic mien and richly dressed, who sat leaning upon a silken cushion, at the upper end of the apartment. * * * She was tall and elegantly formed; the cypress waist of the poets was well illustrated by her figure and her gait. A vest of green velvet, embroidered with gold, and lined with fur, was confined

about her waist by an orange-coloured shawl; while another of rich crimson, and of ample dimensions, floated around her person, and fell in graceful folds almost to her feet. A black silk veil, falling from her large turban, halfhid and half-displayed a face which left the gazer no power of dwelling on lesser beauties. The black-penciled brow rose over an eye full and dark as the antelope's, but piercing and commanding like the eagle's; while a cheek, vying in its hue with the blossom of the pomegranate, gave earnest of all the loveliness which was yet concealed. * * She clapped her hands three times, upon which a private door opened, and three or four female slaves entered, bearing trays covered with the choicest dishes. Our appetites were courted by the most delicately-seasoned kababs and stews, omelettes, creams, and sweetmeats; and the richest sherbets of pomegranates, of limes and of cinnamon, flavoured with rose-water, mantled in china basins, to quench our thirst. Fatimah, with the sweetest smile, now invited me to sit by herself, and helped me with her own hand to the choicest morsels, first tasting them to give them an additional relish. In my turn, when I found a dish of surpassing flavour, entreated her to accept of a portion from my hand, placing it myself upon the cake of bread before her."

One very characteristic anecdote, and we have done.

"There was a certain person, an affshar of his own tribe, who had risen by his own valour and merit from the station of a common groom to be a dehbashee in Nader's guard. In a hot engagement with the Toorkomans, a dehbashee who, as is customary in some corps, carried a small flag on the point of his spear, happened to be killed, and his men, overpowered by numbers, were retreating, leaving this banner in the hands of their enemies. This person, at that time a common soldier, calling out to his comrades to stand firm, rushed alone against the advancing Toorkomans, and made such good use of his sword, that he not only forced them to give back, and gave time for his own friends to rally and come on, but he recovered the flag and bore it off in triumph; and Nader, pleased with his zeal and courage, immediately gave him a right to carry the trophy he had so gallantly won. This man, accompanied by a few soldiers, was sent by his highness to receive the contribution of a certain village, with strict orders to communicate with no one but the ketkhodah, and not to remain in the place longer than might be required for the performance of his errand. Unhappily for himself, the dehbashee was not insensible to the comforts of good cheer, and liked good wine better than a pious Mussulman should do. The ketkhodah, in hopes of contriving to relieve himself of a part of the contribution, prevailed on the officer to wait and partake of a good lamb pillow, while the money and other articles should be collected; but the latter, not choosing to expose his trespass to the eyes of his men, sent them to wait his arrival at a certain place, where he promised soon to join them. The pillow was excellent: a merry fellow, one of the villagers, dropped in, with one or two more, and told some capital stories; and their host, closing the doors with mysterious caution, produced a large carboy of excellent Nishapure wine. Whether the dehbashee was more than commonly thirsty, or the wine more than usually potent, or whether the ketkhodah had drugged it for the purpose, was never discovered; but the former soon lost his

senses, and did not recover them until the morning of the next day, when he had some difficulty in recollecting where he was, and what his errand had been. The ketkhodah now found little difficulty in making his own terms; for the dehbashee was confused, ashamed, and, in some degree, in his power. His despair was completed, when, on reaching the place of appointment, he found none of his party there. They had remained, as desired, until late at night, when, confounded at the protracted absence of their chief, and supposing that he must have missed his way in the darkness, they returned to head-quarters, where they were still more astonished to find he had not yet arrived. After musing for a while, the poor fellow resolved to go at once to the general, and tell him the whole affair, without attempting any excuse. 'Let him do what he will with me,' said he, mentally; 'it is better than skulking or telling a lie about it, or than being at the mercy of a knave like the ketkhodah.' So to his highness he went, and found him in bad humour enough; for the fact of his absence, and the arrival of his men without their officer, had just been reported. 'How!—does the fellow dare to appear in our presence?' growled Nader, with a terrible frown; 'take him, and bastinado him soundly, and strip him of his armour, and turn him out of camp.' 'Very good, your highness,' replied the man; 'but you may as well listen to your slave's report, and take the money he has brought from the village; the grain and other things have already been delivered.' 'Say on, fellow,' replied Nader; 'but, if you prevaricate in the smallest degree, it shall be worse for you.' 'Your slave is a plain man,' said the dehbashee, 'and will tell the truth exactly: do with him afterwards as may seem good to your highness.' He told his tale: its simplicity sufficiently vouched for its correctness, and the gloom on the general's visage diminished. 'Well, you great, drunken fool! and so my orders are to be disobeyed, your duty neglected, and the public service to go to the devil, that you may stuff that hide of yours with lamb pillow and wine! How is discipline to be maintained at this rate? You cannot be pardoned; nor can I trust you any longer.' 'Your slave did not expect to be pardoned; but he never thought of leaving your highness's service. Had I been content to do so, and thought but of saving myself, I needed not to have returned to your presence. I had a good horse, and money enough; my arm and my sword would always have won me service; nor was I far from the frontier, which, once passed, I was safe enough. All this was in my power, on the one hand, and punishment in view upon the other, if I remained; yet I returned to the feet of your highness. Of my trustworthiness your highness can judge, by recollecting how often I have neglected my duty; and when you want a stout arm to strike a strong blow, perhaps you may remember Assad Allee Mehtur.' With these words he turned, and nodding to the Nassukchee near him, said, 'Come on! I am ready.' 'Hear that ghorumsaugh now,' said Nader, with a half-pleased, half-sarcastic laugh; 'he thinks we cannot win a battle without his help! After all, the rascal is a good soldier. Hark! you, Assad Allee; you have forgotten your duty, disobeyed orders, and neglected the public service: were you my own brother, so flagrant a breach of discipline should not go unpunished; but you shall not want an opportunity to redeem your character. Before long, Insh-allah! we shall come to blows with these accursed

Koords—may their fathers roast in hell!—let me then see you bear yourself as you once did, and we shall try what can be done for you—till then you are deprived of your office as dehbashee—go!' The promised opportunity was soon obtained, and Assad Allee was not the man to neglect it. When the engagement began, he rode up to his highness, and kept his eye upon him. A furious charge was made upon the left by a well-mounted and chosen body of Koords. 'Now is your time,' exclaimed Nader, pointing to the breach which they had made in our line—'Bero!—there is your chance!' 'Be-Chushum!' answered Assad Allee, and clapping stirrups to his horse's flanks, and shouting aloud, he dashed among the assailants. His strength and impetuosity produced an immediate effect: the foremost of the Koords, already checked in their career by the resistance they had met with at first, were overthrown with violence, and their fall embarrassed those behind; the line recovered from their momentary confusion, and Assad Allee succeeded in securing two heads at his saddle-bow. He had cut down a third from his horse, and was endeavouring to make sure of this additional trophy, when the Koords rallying in their turn, closed their ranks around him, and shut him out from view of his companions. Every one now believed him to be lost, and even Nader, who had kept his eye upon him, was hastily roaring out to spur his assistance, when the throng of Koords once more opened out, and Assad Allee galloped through the gap, cutting furiously to the right and left, in possession of his three heads, but bleeding in streams from a desperate gash across the face, and severe cuts upon his left arm and thigh. Still holding on his course, he never drew bridle till he reached the point where Nader stood, surrounded by his officers, when, instantly dismounting, he laid the gory heads at his master's feet, and sank on the ground there himself, quite exhausted by loss of blood. 'I think I was right in keeping that fellow in my service,' said he significantly to Caleb Allee Beg, who was close to him: 'let him be carefully looked after; by the beard of Allee! he is worth it all.' When Assad Allee recovered of his wounds, he was made a Sudeval, with the rank of beg; and not very long after, rose to the command of five hundred men."

We must point out to particular attention Ismael's encounter with Ibrahim; the battle with the Afghauns, in the third vol.; the whole of the history of Shireen;—and we think nothing more will be necessary to convince every reader how justly merited are our very high encomiums on the author of the *Kuzilbah*.

Letters from the Continent. By the Rev. Weaver Walter, M.A. 8vo. pp. 307. Edinburgh, 1828, Blackwood; London, Cadell. We wish we could have given this work unmixed commendation. It is a volume written with plain good sense, unpretending in its manner, and generally accurate in its details; and, though not evidencing much depth of research, is yet amusing enough for such light reading as it professes to be. The road is, as usual, one which in these days all our *Peregrines* frequent; and therefore little new can be said or expected upon it. Happy is he who can give to the world a few personal observations, without extracting at the rate of two pages out of three from Reichard and Eberl. We venture to assert, that if we might dip our fingers into the carriage-pocket of any one, no matter which, of our countrymen's vehicles rolling over the Swiss mountains, or along the Italian plains,

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we should there find (from the manufactory of Mr. Leigh in the Strand) the solid foundations, and half the superstructures, of nearly all the modern tours published relating to these countries. It is only in such works as "the Diary of an Invalid," the "Two-Hundred-and-Nine Days," Mr. Russell's "Tour," or in that of some kindred mind, that we can find familiar objects described in elegant language, and every-day occurrences related with spirit and enlivened by apposite remarks and sparkling wit.

This book, without pretending to the high rank of those we have named, might, nevertheless, have been one step farther towards the exceptions we admire, merely from its good tone of common sense. We are not hurried through all the classical names and classical reflections which every little village seems invariably to excite, nor are we favoured with all the schoolboy quotations that refer to these spots. But, unfortunately, the work is miserably disfigured by continual blunders in nomenclature and foreign languages: these are found in nearly as many pages as the opportunities for making them are afforded—and are of such frequent occurrence, and so persisted in by repetition, as to forbid us from considering them to be mere errors of the press. A number of specks in a work of this small size become absolute blots: the

All quando bonus dormitat Homerus
will not apply to a few "Letters from the Continent," and want of care or want of knowledge has "written strange defeats on its face." But to our more pleasing duty.

Let us take our readers to a lovely scene—the falls of the Rhine near Schaffhausen—(a sight, by the way, well worth the run over this spring to such of our idle countrymen as can spare three weeks and three ten-pound notes, and are at a loss what to do with their time and money).

"Following, as far as the nature of the ground would admit, the banks of the river, which here rushes along with tremendous rapidity over its rocky and much-inclined bed, we soon came within hearing of the thundering roar of the cataract, even when we were nearly two miles distant from it; and on approaching nearer, though it was impossible to see the fall itself, a dense cloud of spray, soaring above it, indicated its situation with sufficient precision. At length, following a winding path which led gradually upwards from the river, we entered the court-yard of the castle of Lauffen, which crowns a rocky eminence immediately overlooking the cataract. Left very much to ourselves, we rambled about the shrubbery which surrounds the castle, in search of the most favourable position from whence to catch a full view of that which was already so palpable to our ears as actually to unfit those delicate organs from receiving any other sound. We were not long in finding a neat summer-house, built on a projecting platform, and from its windows we had a most complete view of it. Sitting there at our ease, and free from the annoying explanations of a drone, which, to be heard, must have been uttered with a voice of thunder, we gave ourselves wholly up to a silent contemplation of the agitated scene beneath. For some distance previous to shooting over the edge of the precipice, the water flows in an almost unruffled stream, but with inconceivable rapidity, down the smooth surface of a very inclined plane of rock. On reaching the edge, it appears for an instant to pause, and then, with a tremendous bound, rushes into the abyss beneath, where is a scene of confusion which

baffles description. While contemplating this imposing picture, exhibited in all the circumstances of reality, my mind inevitably fell into the following train of reflection. Such is the career of many a man who devotes himself to a life of dissipation. On first entering the path of vice, the stings of conscience occasionally ruffle the evenness of his course: when this inward monitor has ceased to strive with him, his life, for a brief space perhaps, assumes the appearance of a smooth and rapid current of unmixed pleasure. But vice has not yet established undivided authority over his mind, and in order to make him her sure victim, prepares for him some atrocious crime, some damning outrage on the laws of society, by the commission of which he becomes her future slave. The smooth and unruffled nature of his course has deprived him of the habit of reflection; yet for a moment he is horror-struck at the appalling step which he is incited to take; he pauses, perhaps feels a momentary inclination to recede—but it is too late, the difficulty of returning to the path of virtue appears to his bewildered imagination to be insurmountable; despair takes possession of his mind, and he rushes furious into the lowest depths of vice."

While residing at Pisa, the author says—

"We are frequent visitors at Livorno (whose name we have barbarised into Leghorn), where we go to lay in supplies of colonial produce and money; both of these commodities being to be obtained on much more reasonable terms there than at Pisa. To redeem it from the general character of sea-port towns, which too commonly consist of a great number of houses crowded into the smallest possible space, it has a fine square, and is traversed in its whole length by a broad and handsome street; which, at exchange hours, exhibits a bustling and animated scene, presenting such motley and varied groups of men as are to be met with no where but in the precincts of the Mediterranean. The Algerine is easily distinguished by his fiery eye, glistening from under long and shaggy eyebrows, which are overshadowed by the folds of a many-coloured turban, his prominent aquiline nose, and a slight curl of the upper lip—all indicative of great vivacity and courage. The Greek, with a less swarthy countenance, has the same fiery eye and vivacity of expression,—unclouded, however, by that air of fierceness which distinguishes the native of the coast of Barbary. The dress of the latter cannot fail to put the beholder in mind of some merciless corsair whom he has met with in the course of his reading; generally consisting of a short jacket, apparently quilted, so as to be almost bullet-proof, a belt garnished with pistols and a dirk, loose small-clothes, and boots turning up at the toe: he is, besides, generally short in stature, and strong of limb in inverse proportion. Great richness of attire distinguishes the merchants of Alexandria and the Levant; and, altogether, mixed as they are with the plainly and unclassically dressed Europeans, form a striking and interesting picture."

After a visit to the great tun of Heidelberg, which is kept in the old castle there, Mr. Walter remarks—"that the cellars are not the least remarkable part of the building. The counts palatine, who had them constructed, must have been great consumers of hock, if all the vast tuns they contain were annually filled with that excellent juice of the grape: indeed, in support of my supposition, close to the great tun is the figure of a jolly-looking man, whom tradition asserts to have taken fifteen bottles

daily to his own share. The great tun is, I suspect, small when compared with many of the porter-butts which may be seen in London. Its diameter is 24 feet, and its length 33 feet: it has long been empty, and is now exhibited only as a memorial of good old times."

We may mention, *en passant*, that these vast tuns, which thus excite the author's attention, are now merely the stock in trade, for sale, of a cooper, who keeps his warehouse in the cellar—and have no connexion with the hock-consuming palatinés to whom the author alludes.

After what we have above said respecting the writer's defaults, we should hardly do our duty were we not to give some examples. In what book, then, could Mr. Walter have found such words as "approved—en route—coup d'œil—disgrâmes—campagne—bas-relief—or florescent?" Where can he have travelled to have seen such places as Nimuegen, Rastat, the Vallais, the Mount Anvert, or Tourtomegne? By what computation of imaginary coins has he discovered that six millions of franca amount to forty thousand pounds (p. 12)? And though this reckoning shocked us much, yet we were horror-struck at finding Napoleon's splendid road over the Simplon *does not exceed* an elevation of two feet and a half in six (p. 109)—we recalled to our mind the hair-breadth escape we must have had in ascending and descending this dreadful precipice for upwards of forty miles: but turning to our own "reminiscences" on the subject, we were happy to find that at the time we crossed it, the ascent was only six inches and a half in two yards. Perhaps the most ludicrous mistake into which the author falls, (and which is persisted in wherever the name occurs,) is, that he styles the noble glacier at Chamouni the *Mère de Glace*: possibly because it is the parent of the little river Arveiron, which issues from its base.

We laugh, and with reason, at the havoc which our continental neighbours make with our language, when they attempt to introduce it in their works; but surely this should make our own countrymen doubly cautious when they, too, venture to interlard their volumes with French or Italian phrases, even if they are common-place like those which Mr. Walter has sported.

Should this work reach a second edition, to which its intrinsic merit may well entitle it, it would be well to submit the "hard words" to the superintendence of some gentleman who has had a slight acquaintance with Chambaud, and Veneroni.

Mornings in Spring: or, Retrospections, Biographical, Critical, and Historical. By Nathaniel Drake, Author of Essays on Periodical Literature, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. J. Murray.

THE fruits of cultivated leisure, employed by a naturally elegant mind, are now before us; and the result is such as will do credit to the writer, and prove amusing to the careless, but most attractive to the reflective, reader. The name of Sir Philip Sydney stamps its own interest on the pages which bear it; one of those gifted beings whom even envy assails not—evil may be attempted when hopeless, but not when impossible. With a life whose romantic excellencies was sealed by such death as the poet would desire for his hero—where the courage of the soldier and that of the philosopher relieved each other—where life's last act was one of self-denying

* Perhaps to these may be added Brig and the Whas,

humanity,—no marvel such a record is a favourite subject with the biographer : we elevate ourselves while thus elevating human nature. The next portion of these volumes contains a variety of poetical criticisms, all dictated by the same refined feeling ; and also an account of the Cliffords of Craven—a family whose romantic legends are, we think, treasures indeed for the novelist. Perhaps the history of Henry Clifford, whose father's name is familiar to every reader of Shakespeare, and whose own destiny has been the subject of a beautiful poem by Wordsworth, will be as interesting an extract as we can select for our readers. After Lord Clifford's death at the battle of Towton, the white rose became paramount in England.

" In the meantime it became necessary to conceal the son and heir of one who had rendered himself more than commonly obnoxious to the reigning family, not only by his prowess in the field against them, but by his ferocious slaughter of the young Earl of Rutland. Banishment, imprisonment, or death, would certainly have been the fate of the child, had he been discovered ; but, fortunately for him, he possessed, in the love, activity, and resources of his affectionate mother, a sufficient protection against the impending danger ; for, at the age of seven years, he was clothed in the habit, and placed in the condition, of a shepherd's boy at Londesborough, where his mother then chiefly resided. In this sequestered spot, confined to the care of peasants, whose wives had been servants in his father's family, and, as attendants on the nurse who had given him suck, familiar to him from his infancy, he the more readily submitted to his hard lot ; more especially, as they took care to impress upon his mind the conviction, that his life depended upon his being perfectly resigned to a state of poverty and humiliation. It was whilst thus occupied at Londesborough, and when he had reached his fourteenth year, that his mother's father, Henry Bromflet, Lord Vesey, died ; an event which giving rise to a report at the court of Edward the Fourth that his daughter's two sons were alive, their mother was closely examined on the subject. From her answers, which satisfied for a time her inquirers, and lulled their suspicions asleep, it appears, that immediately after the death of her lord, she had sent both her sons to the sea-side, with an intention of embarking them for the Low Countries ; but only Richard, the younger, had passed over to the continent, where he died shortly afterwards, whilst Henry was secretly re-conveyed to Londesborough. With an equivocation, therefore, readily to be pardoned in a mother thus trembling for the safety of her only child, she declared that she had given orders for their conveyance beyond seas, for the purpose of their education, and that she knew not whether they were dead or alive. About this time, or at least before the twelfth of Edward the Fourth—for a charter or deed of arbitration of this period mentions their union—Lady Clifford married her second husband, Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, knight, of Threlkeld in Cumberland, a man of unblemished honour and integrity, and who seems to have been equally solicitous with his wife to save and protect young Henry Clifford from the malice of his enemies. When, therefore, as was soon afterwards the case, a murmur of his being in existence and concealment was revived, and his increasing years rendered his danger every day more imminent, they sent him, with the peasants and their families, to whose society he had been habituated, to Threlkeld in Cumberland, to be brought up simply as a shepherd ;

and at this place, under the vigilant eye of his father-in-law's kindred, or on the borders of Scotland, where it was necessary he should sometimes retreat, and where Sir Lancelot hired land for the convenience of the shepherds who accompanied him, he was frequently, though very secretly, visited both by the good knight and his affectionate mother. In this lowly disguise, bred up in forests and mountain fastnesses, the child of nature, and inured to every privation, did Henry Lord Clifford pass twenty-five of those years which are usually esteemed the best and fairest of our lives. Yet, though deprived of the honours and the luxuries to which the nobility of his house should have entitled him, he was more than compensated by higher and better gifts ; for his heart was uncorrupted and his integrity unassailed. He possessed, we are told, a strong natural understanding, and an amiable and contemplative disposition : in one thing only was he unfortunate ; for, under the apprehension that any show of learning might lead to the detection of his birth, his education was so entirely neglected, that he could neither write nor read ; and it was only after his restoration to the honours and possessions of his family, that he was taught to write his name. He wanted not, however, the pleasures which health, activity, and conscious innocence, could bestow ; nor, if what I have now to bring forward be correct, did he want, during this his long period of enforced concealment, those consolations which spring from the tenderest of all affections—from the interchange of faithful and enduring love. There is reason, indeed, to conclude that the exquisitely pathetic ballad entitled 'The Nut-brown Maid,' was founded on what really had occurred between this young nobleman and the object of his attachment, during the latter part of his seclusion in the Fells of Cumberland."

At the age of thirty-two he was restored to his rank ; " and, on reaching Skipton in Craven, he fixed upon the neighbouring forest of Barden as the place of his retreat. In this romantic tract, which had from the time of the Romilites formed part of the honour and fee of Skipton, there were six lodges for the accommodation of the keepers and the protection of the deer ; and in one of these, called Barden Tower, which he greatly improved and enlarged, adding to its other conveniences that of a chapel, did Lord Clifford take up his residence, preferring it to the splendour and parade which almost necessarily awaited him in his larger houses. Here, with the object of his early choice, the beautiful and affectionate daughter of Sir John St. John, the heroine of the ballad of the Nut-brown Maid, Lord Clifford found the happiness he was in search of. Though uneducated, and aware of his deficiencies—a consciousness which, at the period of his elevation, had for a time depressed his spirits—he possessed a vigour of mind and rectitude of principle which prevented him from becoming a prey to vicious or luxurious habits. If, in his shepherd state, no portion of scholastic learning had fallen to his share, he had imbibed what may assuredly be considered as some of Heaven's choicest gifts—an enthusiastic love of nature, a taste for natural history and philosophy, and, above all, a spirit of sincere devotion. With acquisitions such as these, we can no longer be surprised that, despising the vanities of wealth and rank, he preferred the beautiful seclusion of Barden to the pomp and splendour of Skipton or of Brougham Castle ; especially when we learn that this retreat was in the immediate vicinity of Bolton Abbey,

from an intercourse with the canons of which he hoped more effectually to prosecute both his religious and philosophical pursuits."

While on the subject of biography, we cannot but remark how usefully literary leisure may be employed on such subjects : all the lessons deduced from it are practical ones ; and nothing can so much excite man to do, as the setting forth what man has already done.

Memoirs addressed to the Commissioners appointed by his Majesty, in pursuance of the Addresses of both Houses of Parliament, to inquire into the State of the Supply of Water to the Metropolis. By J. Wright. 1826.

THERE are few subjects of greater importance to the public than the means of obtaining a pure and wholesome supply of water. It is known that, about two years ago, the attention of Mr. Wright was called to the shocking quality of the water furnished to the western portion of the metropolis by the Grand Junction Company ; and that, after much inquiry, he, in March last, published a little pamphlet called *The Dolphin*, which so strongly excited attention, that a public meeting was called to take the matter into consideration. The result of that meeting was a petition to Parliament ; and, eventually, in consequence of an address to his Majesty from both Houses, a commission was appointed by the crown to inquire into the supply of water to the whole metropolis. The commissioners are at present pursuing this important investigation ; and Mr. Wright's memoir comprehends the facts which he has collected, and the observations which appear to him necessary for their illustration.

The allegations of the petitioners are :—

" I. That a constant supply of pure and wholesome water is essential to the health and comfort of the inhabitants of this great and thickly-peopled metropolis.

" II. That, although the principle of the Acts of Parliament, under which the several companies supplying the metropolis with water were established, was to encourage competition, an arrangement was entered into, about the year 1817, between five of the said companies, by which all competition was put an end to, and monopoly of a necessary of life was virtually established.

" III. That the Grand Junction Waterworks Company, having engaged to supply their customers with water of the purest and most wholesome quality, at a comparatively small charge, have not only exacted a greatly increased rate, but have changed the source of their supply to a spot in the Thames, at the foot of Chelsea Hospital, and nearly adjoining to the mouth of the Great Ranelagh common sewer : and that they now furnish to those customers water, which has been pronounced, by professional men of the first eminence, to be a filthy fluid, loaded with decayed vegetable matter, and other substances equally deleterious to health, and unfit for domestic purposes.

" IV. That the water taken up from the river Thames, between Chelsea Hospital and London Bridge, for the use of the inhabitants of the metropolis, being charged with the contents of more than a hundred and thirty public common sewers ; with the drainings from dung-hills and lay-stalls, the refuse of hospitals, slaughter-houses, colour, lead, gas, and soap-works, drug-mills, and manufactories ; and with all sorts of decomposed animal and vegetable substances, rendering the said water offensive, and destructive to health, ought no longer to be taken up, by any of the companies, from so foul a source.

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"V. That it is the duty of the legislature to deal with the monopoly—to revise the powers intrusted to the confederated companies—and to devise means for placing the supply of water to this great metropolis on a sure and lasting foundation."

The first of these allegations involves so self-evident a truth, that we think Mr. Wright might have spared himself the trouble which he has taken to collect authorities in confirmation of it.

In support of the second allegation, Mr. Wright refers to the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons which sat in the months of February and March 1821, on the supply of water to the metropolis, by which it appears, that although the principle of the Acts of Parliament under which the several water companies were instituted, was to encourage competition, from which alone a perfect security can be had for a good, cheap, and plentiful supply, the companies in question, towards the close of the year 1817, arranged a scheme for partitioning the town, and establishing a close monopoly; which scheme was carried into effect at Christmas by the simultaneous retiring from each allotted district of all the companies previously employed, except the individual company which was henceforward to be left in exclusive possession of the field.

With reference to the third allegation, it appears that the Grand Junction Company established themselves in 1810; at which time they promised to supply their customers, on moderate terms, with abundance of water "drawn from two large filtering reservoirs, situated at Paddington, the main supply to which was derived from the rivers Colne and Brent, and from an immense reservoir of nearly a hundred acres, fed by the streams of the vale of Ruislip;" but that, as soon as the monopoly already alluded to was formed, they began to diminish the quantity of their water, and increase their rates of service; and in 1820, without any intimation to their customers, changed the source whence their water was drawn from Paddington to a spot in the Thames, at the foot of Chelsea Hospital, and close to the Great Ranelagh common sewer. The consequence of course was, that the water furnished by them became exceedingly impure and offensive. Specimens of it having been submitted by Mr. Wright to Mr. Joyce, Dr. William Lambe, Mr. Thomas, Dr. Hooper, Mr. Brodie, Dr. Paris, Mr. Keate, Sir Henry Halford, Dr. Turner, Dr. Hume, Dr. MacMichael, Dr. Robert Bree, and Dr. James Johnson,—these eminent persons concurred in declaring it to be loaded with decayed vegetable matter, and other substances which rendered it equally injurious to health, and unfit for domestic purposes. Their letters are inserted at length in Mr. Wright's memoir; the following, from Dr. Hooper, will give some idea of their general tendency.

"Seville, Nov., February 12, 1827.

"Sir,—I lament I have not had it in my power to acknowledge the receipt of, and to answer, your letter before. I beg to inform you, that I have been aware of the very impure nature of the water supplied by the Grand Junction Company, ever since it came to my house. At one time, it was not only filthy in appearance, but had an unwholesome smell. Until my supply of water came from the Grand Junction Company, that which I had was excellent; but now scarcely a week passes, that I am not presented with a leech; a shrimp-like skipping insect, near an inch in length; a small, red, delicate worm, which I believe is the *lumbricus fluvialis*, or some other ani-

mala; and the water is mostly opaline, muddy, or otherwise impure. That the daily use of impure water has a tendency to produce, or is a cause of many diseases, there cannot be any doubt; and it is a question of much importance, whether such matters in the stomach do not greatly contribute to the production of that state of faulty digestion, and impurity of blood, of which the inhabitants of this and other large cities are constantly complaining.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) "R. HOOPER."

The fourth allegation goes to affect, besides the Grand Junction company, the Chelsea company, and all the companies which supply the Borough of Southwark and Lambeth. It seems that there are at present nearly a hundred and forty common sewers daily and nightly disgorging their horrid contents in the very direction in which some of the companies draw up the supply of water for half the inhabitants of the metropolis! In fact, the whole river Thames, from Chelsea to the Tower, is neither more nor less than one enormous common sewer—the *Cloaca Maxima* of London—containing the impurities of a million of human beings, and forming a mass of filth, pollution, and putridity, in a state of constant agitation to and fro, such as never before was or could be collected together in so small a space. Mr. Wright details numerous instances of the injurious consequences resulting from this aggregation of filthy and even poisonous matter.

The fifth and last allegation of the petitioners is as self-evident as the first. There can be no doubt that "Parliament," as Mr. Wright observes, "is perfectly competent to deal with the monopoly, to revise the powers granted to the several companies, and, upon proof of bad faith with the public, to revoke all their rights and privileges." What means should be adopted of ensuring to the metropolis a cheap and abundant supply of pure and wholesome water remains to be determined. We are inclined to agree with a writer in a respectable evening paper, who says, "This is one of the cases to which the benefits of competition, on which so much stress is justly laid in other kinds of business, do not apply. Company after company may be formed, in the hope of creating competition; but the number that can exist with any hope of success, is so small, and the obstacles to the establishment of new ones so great, that, from obvious regard to its own interests, each new company, which begins in the character of a competitor, ends by becoming a member of the existing combination. We shall not yet hazard an opinion, whether the supply of water ought to be put under the management of the government, or a special commission of the inhabitants; but it is evident that a monopoly and combination may, under the present system, annoy the people to any extent, and that there will be no security afforded by the formation of a new company, having itself all the seeds of abuse, which have germinated in the former ones."

It has been said, that to bring the purest water to London from a distance of thirteen or fourteen miles, would require the outlay of a million of money. Mr. Wright thinks that half that sum would be sufficient. "Be it, however, a million," he justly adds, "would not the overthrow of a grinding monopoly of an element of life, and the 'establishment,' in the words of the petitioners, 'of a supply of pure and wholesome water, on a sure and lasting foundation,' be cheaply purchased at any price? We expend a million on a bridge to

carry us over the Thames, and more than a fourth part of a million on a Tunnel to carry us under it; but we submit to the disgrace of drinking the water of that very river in a state of pollution, and hesitate to move up to a purer source!"

The commissioners to whom the consideration of this most deeply important matter has been referred, will, we trust, take some decisive steps for relieving the inhabitants of this vast metropolis from the intolerable evil and nuisance under which they at present labour. Public rewards ought to be offered to induce engineers and other scientific men to come forward with plans on the subject.

We cannot close our notice of Mr. Wright's highly interesting and valuable memoir, without expressing our admiration of the sagacity, firmness, and perseverance, which that gentleman has exhibited throughout the business. Few men have deserved so well of their fellow-citizens.

Captain and Mr. Beechey's Travels in Northern Africa. 4to. Murray.

In our last No. we briefly characterised this valuable publication, which will be received with satisfaction into every good library, where the nature of its discussions, the lights it throws upon classical learning and interesting antiquities,¹ and the beauty of its pictorial illustrations, will be duly appreciated. For our parts, having afforded one extract of considerable length, investigating a topic of much historical and poetical interest, (the Gardens of the Hesperides,) and having generally described the great merits of the volume, we do not consider it needful, in the way of example, to enter upon any of the many other memorable qualities of which the authors treat, in the full and ample manner commanded by their importance. It must suffice for us to indicate the further claims of the work to universal favour, by only a few of the more brief and miscellaneous notices.

The travellers took their route from Tripoli to the great Syrtis,² that extensive lake or marsh described by Strabo, which they crossed, and arrived at Mukhtár, the boundary of the districts of Syrt and Barka. From Mukhtár they went to Bengazi, and there passed the rainy season, from January till March. After some other excursions, they next visited Teuchira (in Barka) and Ptolemetta, from the latter journeyed to Merge, and from Merge to Cyrene, founded by a Lacedæmonian colony; and in these parts furnish the most attractive details, we shall make our selections from them. Near Ptolemetta, (which seems to have flourished in the era of Cleopatra and Ptolemy Philometor, Arsinoe, and Berenice,) "among the trees which clothe the sides of the mountains, are many handsome stone sarcophagi of Greek and Roman workmanship, all of which, however (says the writer), we found had been opened; and among them seats of the same material were occasionally observed to have been placed, as if the spirits of the dead loved to linger about the spot which had so much delighted them when living. We should willingly have devoted a great portion of our time to the same pleasing occupation, and have passed whole days in wandering among the tombs, in making plans and drawings of them, and searching for

¹ Herodotus, Arrian, Theophrastus, Athenaeus, Strabo, Pliny, Procopius, Ptolemy, Lucan, Sallust, Scylax, Servius, Leo Africanus, Edrisi, Abulfeda, Melis, &c. &c. &c. are all brought to bear upon these inquiries.

² A dreary and halidip swamp: only one tree was seen in a space of more than four hundred miles!

inscriptions; but fate had not decreed us so agreeable a lounge, and after securing in our portfolios some of the principal objects of the place, we set out without further delay for Cyrene, which we had determined (as our time was now limited) should form the chief object of inquiry.

"There is no place on the coast of Northern Africa, between Ptolemais and Tripoli, which can at all be compared with the former of these places, for beauty, convenience, and security of position—Lebda alone excepted."

The greater part of the town, on our first visits to it, was thickly overgrown with wild marigolds and camomile, to a height of four and five feet, and patches of corn were here and there observable growing equally within the city walls. The solitude of the place was at the same time unbroken by animals of any description, if we except a small number of jackals and hyenas, which strayed down after sunset in search of water, and a few owls and bats which started out from the ruins as we disturbed them by our near and unexpected approach. Appeals of this kind are always irresistible; and the contrast which presented itself between the silence and desolation which characterised the city of Ptolemais when we visited it, and the busy scene which a spectator of its former wealth and magnificence would have witnessed under the Ptolemies and the Caesars, afforded a striking, and, we must say, a melancholy example of the uncertainty of all human greatness."

At Touchira, the most ancient antiquities appear to be buried in the sands; and those that are perceptible above ground do not boast of any particular interest.

Between Ptolemais and Merge, the Bedouin Arabs welcomed the travellers through their truly Arcadian district* with patriarchal simplicity and hospitality. The temptation of a short sojourn, however, they were obliged to resist; for, says the page (389), "it often happens that pleasure and duty are disagreeably inconsistent with each other."

"It was to the *rus in urbe* that our destiny called us—to the *rus Egyensis* *valdior egeste rus* *superiorum virium, rati, numerorum, rati pugnae questris!* as Cyrene is pathetically described by Synesius; and we are sorry to say that the term *rus in urbe* may now be well applied to this once beautiful city with even more correctness than to Ptolemais, which we have already described as covered with vegetation, and presenting the appearance of a solitary grass-grown tract of country, rather than of a once populous town. Cattle feed every where among the ruins of Cyrene, and its whole aspect is infinitely more rural than civic."

Proceeding on the way from Merge to Cyrene, (now called Grenna by the Arabs,) it is stated—"The road, after crossing the plain, leads over a rugged hill in which it has been cut; and we soon found, from the deep and continued marks of chariot-wheels, that we were following an ancient track."

"It may here be proper to mention, that, on the day after our departure from Merge, we observed a plant, about three feet in height, very much resembling the hemlock, or, more properly speaking perhaps, the daucus, or wild carrot. We were told that it was usually fatal to the camels who ate of it, and that its juice, if applied to the flesh, would fester any part where there was the slightest excoriation. This plant had much more resemblance to the

* The natives are, however, terribly infested with a cutaneous disease, which has very unmercifully obtained a Scots musical-name: not the beggars.

sulphur of ancient times (as it is expressed on the coins of Cyrene) than any which we had hitherto seen, although its stem is much more slender than that which is there represented, and the blossoms (for it has several) more open.

In some parts of the route from Merge to Cyrene we lost sight of this plant altogether, while at others we found it in considerable quantities, growing chiefly wherever there was pasture. Immediately about Cyrene we observed it in great abundance, and soon ceased, from its frequent occurrence, to pay any particular attention to it. It is extremely probable that the plant here mentioned is the laserpitium or sulphur in such repute among the ancients.—It appears to have sprung up in the grass or pasture-lands, as the plant we have mentioned above also does, and the sheep are reported to have been so fond of it, that whenever they smelt it they would run to the place, and after eating the flower, would scratch up the root and devour it with the same avidity. The effects of eating sulphur (according to Pliny) were manifested in sheep by their falling asleep, and in goats by sneezing. In the time of Pliny, sulphur (or laserpitium) had become so scarce in the market, that a single stalk of it was presented to the Emperor Nero as a present (no doubt) of extraordinary value; and Strabo tells us, that the barbarous tribes who frequented the country about the Cyrenaica had nearly exterminated the plant altogether (in an irruption which they made on some hostile occasion) by pulling it designedly up by the roots,—from which we may infer that the destruction of the sulphur was considered as a material injury to Cyrene. We have already mentioned, in our account of the Syrtis, (on the authority of the same writer,) that the sulphur, and the liquor which was extracted from it, formed material articles of a contraband trade at Charax, where they were exchanged with the Carthaginians for wine."

The stem was an article of food; and "we find both the extract and the plant very decidedly mentioned in the bill of fare of the Persian monarchs, as given by Polybius (Stratagemata, lib. iv.) and which was discovered by Alexander the Great, engraved on a brazen column in the royal palace. What the extract of the sulphur was like, we will not pretend to say; but the stem and the root appear to have been eaten much in the same way that we eat celery, (which, indeed, it very much resembles,) either stewed or boiled."

The juice or liquor extracted from the plant, and called *laser*, was a drug, (a soporific, like laudanum or hemlock) so famous for its medicinal qualities, that it was sold in the smallest quantities, and at immense prices.

But we must (to make room for other novelties of the season) defer our further review of this subject till next Saturday.

* Among a great many other articles, consumed every day at the dinner and supper of the Persian kings, as enumerated in the list we have noted, we find four hundred sheep, one hundred oxen, thirty horses, three hundred lambs, thirty stags or gazelles, four hundred fatted geese, three hundred pigeons, and six hundred other birds of various kinds! So much solid food was not, however, cooked without a proportionate seasoning; and we find a talent weight (say sixty-five pounds) of garlic among the numerous other condiments employed on these occasions. The Macedonians in the suite of Alexander, while they expressed their astonishment at its profusion, applauded the magnificence of the royal table, and the good taste of the Persian monarchs. But the ardent son of Philip (though by no means a friend to abstinence) was prudent enough to discourage, on this occasion, the commendation of luxuries so superfluous and expensive, and ordered the column to be taken down, observing at the same time that "so prodigious a meal was unnecessary, that such excess of indulgence and prodigality could scarcely fail to produce timidity and effeminacy, and that they who had dined or supped so enormously must necessarily afford an easy victory to their opponents."

The Mirror of Parliament. Parts I. and II.
Edited by J. H. Barrow, Esq., of Gray's Inn, Winchester and Varnham.

A gentleman more competent to conduct a publication of this kind than Mr. Barrow, could hardly, we believe, be found; and the two Parts which have been sent to us prove at once his laborious assiduity and well-contrived means. Whether the plan be good, or not, remains to be seen. For our own tastes, we think there is more than enough of parliamentary debate in the least reported of the daily newspapers; and we fancy an able digest of them would be very acceptable to the general public. But instead of this, they are usually abbreviated by *Incuse*,—and become legislative hop-skip-and-jumps. On the other hand, when *short hand* is employed, and we can be gratified with every word spoken and heard, what an intolerable bore it is! If a man could endure, like the patriarchs of old, for half a dozen centuries, he must be fond of reading indeed were he to peruse half the commonplace, the verbiage, and the nonsense, delivered in either House. And an evil consequence it is likely to be of Mr. Barrow's perfection of parliamentary reporting, that every self-imagined Demosthenes or Cicero will be encouraged to exhibit himself, so as to enjoy the honours of being printed at full measure, by this new imperial *Winchester Bussel*. We have recently seen the adjustment of sundry long speeches calculated in the newspapers—so many lines in so many hours; so many words uttered in such a time; so much in the columns of—and—and—published at such an hour in the morning, &c. &c. !! as if quantity had superseded the quadam virtus of quality in public speaking, and reports thereof. This mode of setting on foot to prate has had a lamentable effect, not in Parliament (for to say so would be a breach of privilege), but in common councils, and common halls, and common every things, and vestries, and law courts, and parish meetings, and dinner parties, and missionary assemblies, and bible societies, and corporations, and schools, and executions (for to be hanged without addressing as many words to the audience as the Ordinary has time to hear, would be disgraceful), and, in short, wheresoever a greater number than two meet together. The sound of every man's own voice was always music in his own ears; and now that the stimulus of gratifying his eyes also by seeing what he gabbles printed is superseded, there is no restraint which is strong enough to check the babbling propensity. Although, like Romeo, "he speaks and says nothing," it is affliction to others to find that he has been supposed to utter intelligible sounds, and, under the doctoring of a clever reporter, even sense. By this sort of Laputan elaboration, we have a sort of poor daily bread made from chaff: but would it not be better to let the chaff fly, and give us only the corn, the grains, the stelling stuff?

To members of Parliament, however, and to all persons concerned in parliamentary proceedings, we presume this new publication must be of great value. Were it but for its record of private business alone, it must be a desideratum to them: and private business more often involves public considerations too, than the generality of people are aware. As the design is yet young, we will not animadvert on the imperfections which we perceive in it: the care bestowed is evidently great, and the result must be ultimately compensatory.

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SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Historical and Descriptive Account of the Collegiate Church, the Free Grammar School, and Chetham's Hospital, Manchester. 4to. Part I. London, Ainsworth. Manchester, Agnew and Zanetti.

THE first Part of this interesting publication has just been laid before us ; and we do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the most beautiful specimens we have met with of provincial typography and ornament. The designs by which it is accompanied, and, especially, a sweet drawing of the reading-room in the Chetham library, in which we remember once to have lingered a pleasing half hour, and a fine copy of the fine old head of Humphrey Chetham, founder of the institution, are exquisitely engraved by Mr. Charles Pye.

We shall not at this moment enter into any critical remarks upon the literary portion of this work ; but suspend our judgment till it assumes a more perfect and complete form. The introduction, comprising the history of the collegiate church, is from the pen of the able and intelligent Dr. Hibbert. The publishers appear to have made other arrangements ; but we had hoped to have received a history of the Free Grammar School from Dr. Smith, the present head master,—a gentleman not more remarkable for his high classical and literary attainments, than for his distinguished urbanity and kindness. The Doctor, we have reason to believe, has much curious and valuable *matériel* connected with the school history in his possession.

The town publisher of this work is, we observe, Mr. Ainsworth : being himself a Manchester man, his house is a very proper and natural dépôt for all its literary "goods;" and if all are equally as good as the present, we need not wish him a better occupation than the town agency.

Pugin and Le Keux's Specimens of the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy. No. IV.

The Literary Part by John Britton, F.S.A. NEXT to the Architectural Antiquities of our own country, those of Normandy are now of paramount interest. This work is not only admirable for its graphic beauties, but highly instructive to the professional architect, the antiquary, and the amateur. It is, in fact, what it professes to be—an illustration of Norman Architecture.

The Speeches of the Right Hon. G. Canning; with a Memoir of his Life. By R. Therry, Esq., of Gray's Inn, Barrister at Law. 6 vols. 8vo. Ridgway.

WE can only notice the publication of this important work. Upon the Memoir we shall have some remarks to offer ; and, in the meantime, recommend the edition of Mr. Canning's brilliant, splendid, and statesman-like Speeches as the noblest literary memorial that can be preserved of him, till his life shall be written from competent authority, and his private correspondence given to the world. It will then be felt, more than by all the eloquence ever uttered, how good a man, how firm a patriot, and how great a minister, England lost in George Canning.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.
NEW SETTLEMENT: FERNANDO PO:
JOURNAL.

Maidstone Bay, Fernando Po, Nov. 17, 1827.
We arrived here on Saturday, the 27th Oct. and anchored at 4 p.m. in Maidstone Bay (so

named by Commodore Bullen), where we found that our transport (Diadem) and schooner (Horatio) had anchored a few hours before us. On our approach to the island every one was delighted with its beautiful appearance, as well as with the scenery surrounding us in our anchorage. We had hardly brought up, when Lieut. Woodman, agent to the transport, came aboard in his boat ; followed by four canoes with a number of natives, who had already been trafficking with the Diadem. They, however, approached us with great caution, and shewed much timidity during their barter with us. Fearing to lay their canoes alongside, they would only come stern on, with a man in the bow to manage their commerce. Nothing could induce them to trust themselves on board, though every endeavour was made to persuade them. They pointed to their Fetiche, implying that they were forbidden. They willingly exchanged yams and some fishing lines, two stranded and made of grass or the fibres of the palm-tree, for our iron hoops, of which a piece four inches in length and two in breadth would purchase four or five yams, varying from six to twelve pounds weight. The iron, as we afterwards found, was manufactured into two-edged knives, rudely secured in a short wooden handle, and carried in the left armlet, close up to the shoulder. The natives were fine middle-sized athletic men, with an agreeable expression of countenance ; and their bodies daubed over with a pigment of red ochre and palm oil. Some few of them used a yellow paint. The canoes were from 15 to 30 feet long, carrying from three to twelve persons. The report of the muskets fired at sunset appeared to alarm them very much, as they shoved off immediately, hoisted sail, and took leave of us for the night.

This sail is a kind of matting, made of split rattan, in form of an oblong square, the longest side perpendicular. Many of them have also a staff erected in the bow, with feathers at the top.

Oct. 28th.—This morning it rained heavily till nine or ten o'clock ; notwithstanding which, canoes came off in great numbers, bringing, in addition to their yams and fishing lines, fowls, palm wine in calabashes, a few skins of monkeys and snakes, and small circular boxes, neatly woven, of split cane, &c. The natives approached with more confidence, and some ventured on board, not however without evident signs of fear. Captain Harrison conducted a boy of about twelve years of age over the ship, and in the gun-room the officers made him examine a variety of articles. A looking-glass, and the ringing of a bell, seemed to create the greatest astonishment in him, as they did in one of his countrymen. This day Captain Owen landed in several places in the bay. Lieut. Robinson also went ashore to take sights for comparing chronometers. Several natives with yams came near the spot he had chosen for his operations, but were afraid to approach him whilst some of his men with muskets stood near, as was evident from their making signs to them to lay their arms down. In order to inspire confidence, he ordered his men to comply with this request, while he and Mr. Jeffery (who accompanied him) advanced towards them. Notwithstanding he had his sword by his side, they were not alarmed ; however, they were armed with their spears. All their anxiety now appeared to be confined to the sale of their yams. They made signs that they had brought them from a great distance, and feigned to be much fatigued by it, and therefore disappointed that he had not the means of purchasing them.

Monday, 29th.—The canoes this day visited

us in greater number than yesterday, the natives appearing to gain more confidence ; indeed, so much as to become troublesome, and difficult to be kept off the ships' sides. At seven this morning we left our anchor-age in Bullen's Cove, and proceeded to the other side of the bay, nearer the Adelaide Islands, which are close to Point William : our boats went for wood and water, and, instead of meeting with any obstruction, were assisted by the natives.

Tuesday, 30th.—Heavy rain great part of the day. The senior Lieutenant went ashore at six o'clock, with a party of 100 kroomeos and other black labourers, to cut a path through the jungle on Point William. Mem.—I went ashore soon after noon at Barracouta, accompanied by Mr. Morrison and the interpreter Anderson, to invite the supposed king, whom they called Kokoolakoo, but whom we have since reason to think is only the chief of a tribe : he was inclined to come on board, but the chiefs and natives surrounding him opposed his inclination ; however, he promised to visit us the following day.

Wednesday, 31st.—Captain Owen was away yesterday and to-day examining the bay to the eastward. The same party as before were employed clearing away on Point William, which is supposed to be the most eligible site for the intended establishment. The steam vessel, African, anchored here at eleven p.m., bringing with her two vessels under Brasilian colours, which Lieutenant Badgley had boarded and detained, under the strongest suspicions of their being concerned in the slave trade. Having, as I have already mentioned, been on shore yesterday, to parley with the king on the beach, and invite him on board, through the medium of our interpreter, Anderson, a black soldier belonging to the African corps, we took our leave of him, with the promise that he would come on board at an early hour this morning. In consequence of that understanding, Captain Owen sent Anderson ashore, to pass the night at the king's house, and to accompany him aboard. Accordingly the supposed king, his brother, and five or six chiefs, accompanied by the interpreter, came aboard in a canoe about nine o'clock this morning. They entered the ship without displaying much timidity ; we immediately conducted them to the captain's cabin, there we entertained them with wine and biscuit ; and they sent for calabashes of palm wine from their canoe. They seemed to drink our wine and eat our biscuit with some relish, after we had, by their own desire, set them the example ; and we also, in compliment to them, drank some of their palm wine. We observed that some of them mixed palm wine with the Madeira. From the king to the lowest of his attendants they were dressed in the most fanciful savage taste. In the first place, their whole bodies were completely besmeared with a pigment composed of red clay and palm oil—with the exception of his majesty, whose distinguishing colour, like that of the imperial family of China, was yellow. Their heads were dressed with long smallcurls, hanging down behind, well daubed with red ochre and oil, the hair on the fore part of the head being divided on either side in curls, so as to hang down behind the ears, and leave the fore part of the head entirely exposed. The forehead is generally round, and appears to be shaven about an inch or two back—the heads of the youths being shaven close round, leaving the crown unshaven. In some instances six or eight strings of beads were adjusted with much

care over the fore part of the head, separately conducted behind the ears; the end of each string generally touching the shoulders, and the hand of beads representing curls. Their hat has a low crown and narrow brim, made of split rattan, not very closely worked, and ornamented with leaves, bones of monkeys and other animals, and a few white and sometimes red feathers; the latter appear to be dyed in the blood of some animal; it is secured to a tuft of hair on the middle of the head by a skewer passing through both to the opposite side. They wore necklaces, armlets, bracelets, and a girdle, which latter rests on the hips and supports the only covering they wear, which is in front, (except his majesty, who had, besides his anterior covering, a posterior one, composed of the same materials, viz. the skin of some animal,) over which they wore a bunch of herbage. The girdle consists either of a string of the vertebrae of snakes, or of beads of some hard berry; the armlets, anklets, and bracelets, were for the most part composed of the same materials. During their entertainment in the cabin, the band was ordered to play on the quarter-deck, and they appeared much gratified with the music. From the captain's cabin we conducted them along the main deck, and shewed them the horses, asses, oxen, pigs, &c. They were much struck with the horses and pigs; but the cow, and particularly her tail, appeared to afford them the greatest delight, each of them handling it in succession, pulling the hairs out, and shaking it with every mark of the highest degree of astonishment and pleasure. After making the tour of the main deck, we took them to the quarter-deck, where the band played for their amusement, which appeared to gratify them exceedingly, as they were not satisfied till they went into the midst of them. The king's brother was, indeed, so much enraptured, that he could not refrain from displaying his savage steps and uncouth gestures to the tune:—"So played Orpheus, and so danced the brutes." Thinking that we had indulged them enough in this amusement, we commenced the most difficult part of our endeavours to conciliate them, that of satisfying them with presents: we first commenced with his yellow majesty, whom we presented with the whole length of a large iron hoop, which had been straightened for the occasion; then to the brother we gave half the quantity, and about a foot to each of the chiefs or attendants; and, in addition to the hoop, we presented his majesty with half a dozen fish-hooks. There was some little squabble during this arrangement, which, however, was happily concluded, pretty much to their satisfaction; and they left the ship apparently in very good humour with us, and well pleased with the result of their visit. We have omitted to observe, that the king, as well as the other chiefs, was anxious to rub his long beard with those who possessed one. They shewed evident satisfaction upon chairs being given them to sit on; and we have since observed, that in their own huts, they all sit upon (logs) blocks of wood. This is different from the usual custom of the Africans, who squat down on their haunches or their heels.

Thursday, Nov. 1st.—Cloudy in the fore-part of the day, and heavy rain in the afternoon: disappointed in going ashore to visit the chiefs.

Friday, 2d.—Cloudy, with rain at times. Went ashore with Messrs. Galler and Morrison, the interpreter Anderson, and my servant, to make some arrangements with the king and his chiefs respecting the establishment of a market near our settlement. Immediately after our

landing we were surrounded by the natives, by whom we were more mildly handled than we had been on our preceding visit. However, they did not forget to impounce us for iron hoop, as before, from the oldest man and woman to the youngest boy and girl; and if we took notice of any one, it appeared to them that a present would follow, — for they became more earnest in their importunities. On not finding the king and his chiefs on the beach, we despatched Anderson to send for them, which he did. However, we waited more than two hours before his majesty condescended to appear. Mr. Galler, in the mean time, occupied himself with shooting at monkeys, which appeared to amuse the natives very much, as they constantly pointed out the objects of his search, and raised a loud laugh when he fired and missed. The king and his chiefs having arrived, we explained the object of our visit, which they heard with great attention: they anxiously made a proposal for our mutual good understanding, which was, that if any of their people troubled us by committing any breach of good faith, they requested we would communicate it to the chiefs, and they would take care that the delinquents should be punished—and, *vice versa*, if any of our people committed any improper acts towards them, that they would represent it to our chiefs. After an earnest discussion among themselves, we all agreed to the various proposals on both sides, by drinking palm wine together, and exchanging presents—giving his majesty an axe, for which he returned a fowl. We now proposed to accompany him to his village, to which he at first shewed great willingness to accede, and took me by the hand as if to conduct me; but instead of walking, as we had expected, through the woods, he kept inclining to the beach where our boats were lying. We then thought he was going to take us along shore, and land at a place where there was another and a much shorter path to his village; yet, when we proposed to him to enter a boat, he held back, and positively declined, saying, that his house was not good enough, and that he had nothing in it to entertain us with—not being prepared to receive us. However, as we were predetermined to go, and our interpreter knew the way, we proceeded, with Mr. Jeffery and Captain Smith in addition to our former party. We thought the king had good reason for not wishing us to proceed, for certainly neither his hut nor the road to it were calculated for a visit of ceremony or pleasure. The path was extremely slippery, with many pools of water and roots of trees to impede our progress, besides a very thick jungle, and myriads of ants and other insects tormenting us on the way. His majesty's hut was merely a thatched roof, the eaves of which were not three feet from the ground, which was supported by pillars, and only one end of it protected from the weather. The furniture is composed of an inclined plane of wood, only five feet in length, on which they repose—the pillow being a round log, three or four inches in diameter, resting on two wooden brackets; logs of wood are substitutes for stools; along their rude beams a number of calabashes was hung. The king's brother had taken care to arrive before us, and received us with much good humour, regretting only that he had nothing to regale us with; however, in a short time a calabash of stale palm wine was brought in, which, after tasting himself (according to the African custom), to prove that it was not poisonous, he presented to us. After resting ourselves for a short time, we returned by the same road and

went on board.—All spare hands ashore, as yesterday, clearing the ground of wood, &c. Having found a better approach for ascending Point William on the eastern side, from its being a much more gentle acclivity, a large party were employed to clear away the brushwood and timber, for the purpose of making a broad road the whole way up to our intended establishment.

Saturday, 3d.—A very fine warm day—Working parties ashore as yesterday. Shifted our birth still nearer to Point William and Adelaide Islands, for the greater convenience of landing our working party and stores. The Steamer and Prizes also left their anchorage in the bay, and moored in Clarence Cove. Not a single canoe was seen on the water, and but very few natives on the shore, until the afternoon of this day, and then but a small number only made their appearance. Our interpreter said they were engaged in burying a chief; but we suspected that there had been an assemblage of the tribes, to discuss the subjects of our arrival and intention of forming a settlement.

Sunday, 4th.—Cloudy in the morning, rain in the middle of the day. About 10 o'clock A. M. some chiefs came aboard, in a very large canoe, from a bay to the eastward, and were introduced to the captain while at breakfast. A native boy had been previously in the cabin, eating rice, fish, yams, &c. When they entered, they all sat down on chairs with much apparent satisfaction: the captain made them a few presents of knives, small looking-glasses, &c., which gave them so much delight, that they began clapping their hands and singing short sentences in a high tone of voice, bowing their heads frequently during the time. Anderson informed us they were singing our praises, for their words implied, "truly you are come to do no good." They were entertained with palm wine, Madeira, biscuit, fish, yams, &c. We have observed that they always prefer palm wine and yams to every thing else, which, we learn, is what they are most accustomed to live on. The three European women whom we have on board were introduced to them, and seemed to engage their attention very much. They remained on board about two hours, and then returned to the eastward.

Monday, 5th.—Anderson, our interpreter, returned to the ship about three this afternoon, (having been absent two days,) in a large canoe pulling seventeen paddles, accompanied by the same chiefs that visited us yesterday, with the addition of the king's son; but before they came alongside the ship, they pulled quite round us, singing most loudly and merrily. They were taken into the captain's cabin, where they were entertained until he came on board, which he soon did, and, before he dismissed them, made a present to each; but the principal chief happening to fix his eye upon an axe, shewed so much eagerness to possess it, that he appeared to have entirely forgotten the presents he had previously received;—the captain, however, being determined not to gratify his greediness, but at the same time being desirous to turn it to advantage in promoting our friendly intercourse, promised him he would present it to the king when he saw him. A tornado came on in the afternoon, which drove most of the canoes away from us; but the chiefs remained on board till it was over, and then left us, with the understanding that the captain would pay the king a visit on Wednesday next.

Tuesday, 6th.—A wet morning and fine day; a number of canoes alongside, and many

* These kings are but heads of tribes, we believe.

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natives on board all the forenoon. About noon, an axe was discovered, by the master-at-arms, in the possession of one of the natives on board, who had secreted it under a piece of canvas, which he had picked up and tied round him as an apron. When it was taken from him, he ran down the ship's side into a canoe, and passed over several others to get into his own; but he was arrested on his way, and a violent discussion arose among the chiefs alongside relative to his punishment, the transaction having been immediately made known to his countrymen. Captain Owen, to shew his displeasure at this theft, ordered them all out of the ship, and the canoes to shove off; when another loud dispute took place among them, and the culprit was attacked from several canoes with their paddles, and a boy, in the same canoe with himself, inflicted several severe wounds, one on the right side of the head, another on the left temple, a third on the right shoulder, and a fourth on the breast. Notwithstanding his hurts, some of which were severe, he was compelled to jump overboard to wash off the blood which was streaming down his body, before they would permit him to pass to his own canoe; having reached it, he assisted his comrades in pulling towards the shore, evidently for the purpose of evading the indignation of the whole party: however, a number of canoes immediately followed him, apparently menacing his destruction. They landed near our market, and, conducting the culprit a short distance from the beach, were immediately surrounded by an immense crowd of his countrymen,—when Mr. Jeffery having penetrated to the centre, for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of this assembly, they immediately secured him, and tied one of his hands to that of the bleeding prisoner, which caused no small alarm to that gentleman, who began to think these wounds had been inflicted by some of our people, and that they meant to retaliate upon him; fortunately, he saw one of our soldiers passing, who gave the alarm to the camp, and a small party of soldiers, with Captain Harrison, came to his assistance. By this time he had loosened his hand from the prisoner's, and the natives appeared satisfied now that there were more of our people to witness the punishment of their countryman for his offence against us, and they tied him by the hands and head, with his back to a tree, to await the award of his crime. After some parley among the chiefs and a man whom we supposed to be a priest, one of the former marched up very coolly towards the prisoner, with his knife in his hand, (while the rest of the chiefs and natives assembled were on their knees) and was about to cut his throat, when Captain Harrison and Mr. Jeffery prevented the execution of the deed, by taking his arm away, and making signs that our chief was near. Captain Owen was luckily coming on shore; he soon landed, and went directly into the centre of the assemblage: after a little explanation with the chief, by signs only, Captain Owen made them understand that he did not wish to have the prisoner so severely punished, and therefore took him by the hand and conducted him clear of the crowd, thus liberating him from the sanguinary vengeance of his own people. Singular to observe, the prisoner did not shew the least symptom of fear during the whole process of this investigation or his confinement, nor did he at all shrink from the blows when they were inflicted.* We were greatly surprised to-day, by

finding a demi-John in the woods at the back of our little encampment, as it certainly indicates that Europeans have visited the place before, if it does not afford reason for supposing that the Spaniards had their settlement on the same point. Mr. Galler, the purser, shot two monkeys on Point William yesterday, which the kroombi skinned and cooked. Mr. Galler partook of one of them, dressed as an Irish stew, substituting yams for potatoes, which he mentioned as being an excellent dish.

Wednesday, 7th.—Very fine weather: at nine A. M. Anderson came on board with two chiefs, to say that the king was waiting on the beach for our boat to fetch him off. At eleven the captain took them with him, and three boats, viz. gig, pinnace, and jolly boat, with the surgeon, purser, captain's clerk, myself, the band, a sergeant, and six marines, with presents for the king, his chiefs, and others. We landed in a small cove three miles to the eastward of the ship (since called King Cove), and were conducted by the chiefs to a small open space in the woods, about a hundred yards from the rocky landing-place, where the natives have placed a great many stones in the water, leaving a channel for only one canoe to land at a time. When the captain was seated, a small ram and several calabashes of palm wine were placed before him. After waiting about an hour, the king came, and Captain Owen ordered a red cloak to be put on him, and a velvet hat; but as he could not conveniently take his own hat off, the velvet one was placed over the crown of his, and pierced by the same bone that secured his own hat to the head, by running it through his hair.* The appearance of these presents, but more particularly of the iron, had so intoxicated the uncontrollable feelings of the savages, whose passions were so much excited by it, that the good order which had previously been observed could no longer be maintained; and they pressed in on all sides, with such a clatter of tongues that the firing of cannon would have been relief to our ears, compared to the savage and vociferous clamour of these wild beings: however, it is but right to do them justice—notwithstanding all this confusion, they did not lay violent hands on any person or article, that we observed. We noticed that the king gave away many small pieces of iron to a few, which, by leading each one to hope that he might be the next selected to receive a token of royal favour, perhaps kept them from laying violent hands on any thing themselves, and thereby more effectually securing his own presents. We retired to the beach, and embarked during the confusion, the whole crowd following us to the shore, and many even into the water. On a rough calculation, it is supposed there were at least two thousand natives assembled. The women were kept separate from the men, and in the background: Mr. Galler went and spoke to some of them, but they shewed great timidity, though the men put some of the young women's hands into his in a very mild and friendly manner.—On returning towards the ship, I landed, in company with Messrs. Galler and Jeffery, at New-Market beach, and walked up to our settlement of Clarence on Point William. Mr. J. purchased a mackerel and two other fish out of a canoe. In the course of this day's operations, the party employed clearing away the jungle found the Indian-rubber tree, both red and white cam [?] wood, and a whet-stone. I partook of a deer that was killed on Point William.

* We have seen many of the natives that have lost one hand, and some few who have lost both: one who came to the ship, without hands, assisted his comrades by pulling his own paddle.

* The supposed king wore a pair of ram's horns in the fore part of his hat.

EXTRACT FROM ANOTHER LETTER. Fernando Po, Nov. 17.

CAPTAIN OWEN is indefatigable in his exertions to get forward this little colony; and he is most ably assisted by Captain Harrison. It was on our arrival covered with a great many large trees and a very thick jungle of underwood: most of the latter has been cleared away, and many of the former cut down; it seems a pity, for it is some of the finest wood in the world. On the cleared ground there are already many huts built, tents erected, forges set up, saw-pits dug, &c. &c.

Mr. Park, the son of Mungo Park, and a new African traveller, left Accra 29th Sept. 1827.—went to Mampong, Aquapim, where he arrived 2d Oct.;—5th, to Acrapong, chief town of Aquapim; left it on the 10th for Aquamba, and arrived there on the 16th Oct.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION: FEBRUARY 15.

In our last Number we very briefly alluded to Mr. Faraday's admirable lecture on Phonics, on the evening of the 15th, and promised to exert ourselves to furnish as correct an epitome as we could of that, with the delivery of which we, in common with every hearer, were so extremely gratified. We have now the pleasure of communicating the prominent principles so clearly laid down and so beautifully illustrated by this able lecturer.

When a body, as a bell or glass, vibrates with a certain velocity, it causes undulations in the atmosphere; which, upon reaching the auditory nerves, produce the sensation of sound. When a second body is present, which can vibrate with the same velocity as the first, it frequently assumes the vibratory state, and becomes a source of sound; and this effect is distinguished as *resonance*, or the *reciprocation of sound*. The well-known and very curious experiment made by Dr. Wallis's pupils, Messrs. Noble and Pigott, in 1873, of the vibration of a string, when another tuned in unison with it is made to vibrate, is a striking illustration of the effect.

The effect of reciprocation may take place by undulation, transmitted through air, fluids, or solids. The reciprocation of a tambourine to the voice, of the crown of a hat to certain notes from an orchestra, of articles of furniture to sounds of an instrument—are common cases, in which the effect is produced through the medium of the air. Instances where it takes place by transmission through solid materials are readily supplied by making a tuning-fork vibrate, and placing it in contact with a door or table, or other surface which will admit of vibration, or by referring to a stringed instrument. The fork or the string is the original source of vibration; but the audible sound is produced by the reciprocation of the door or table, or by the sounding-board and other parts of the instrument, which are put into vibration by motion communicated through the solid materials.

Having explained the nature of reciprocation, the principal object of the evening was then taken up—namely, the reciprocation of columns of air. A column of air, when made to vibrate properly, is a source of sound as effectual as a string, a plate of metal, or a glass bell. This is easily proved by a flute, an organ pipe, or any wind instrument. These columns of air may also be made to reciprocate to other sonorous bodies, when their vibrations accord with those of the latter. This was strikingly shewn by holding a vibrating tuning-fork to the embouchoir of a flute, applying the fingers

so as to stop the holes in the manner necessary to produce different notes: the moment the flute was stopped so as to produce the same note with the tuning-fork, it instantly produced a clear, full sound, though in all other positions nothing could be heard. Thus the flute was made to speak without any air being blown through it, and solely by reciprocation. The same effect was produced by bringing tuning-forks to the mouths of bottles which had been selected as containing columns of air vibrating in unison with the forks, or even by bringing a tuning-fork before the aperture of the mouth, and adjusting the latter until the air within it could reciprocate to the fork, when instantly a clear sound was produced. Mr. Wheatstone, to whom Mr. Faraday acknowledged his obligation for all the matter of this lecture, has devised an instrument, to be constructed upon the principle of the reciprocation of columns of air, and to be called a Teraphophone.

If several sounds are produced, as happens, indeed, when a plate of metal is struck, or when two tuning-forks are made to vibrate at once, a column of air will reciprocate only those sounds with which it is in accordance. Two tuning-forks, A and C, and two bottles which could reciprocate one to each, were taken, when both forks were made to vibrate, and then brought to the mouth of the bottle reciprocating to A, only the sound A could be heard; but being taken to the other bottle, the sound A was no longer audible, but C was the sound produced. Upon this principle was explained the nature of the musical instrument from Java called the ginder, two or three of which were upon the table by favour of Lady Raffles. The instrument consists of metallic plates, supported by their nodal points, and arranged as in the harmonica; but under each is placed an upright bamboo, containing a column of air, arranged so as to reciprocate to the lowest note produced by the plate when struck. If the aperture of the bamboo be covered with pasteboard, and the plate above struck, certain ringing sounds are heard; but on removing the pasteboard, an additional deep, full tone is produced by the reciprocation of the column of air in the tube. No instrument has been constructed as yet in Europe upon this principle.

It was then stated, that a vibrating body will cause a volume of air to sound, not only when its vibrations are isochronous with those of the former, but also when there are any multiple of them: to illustrate which, the piston of a syringe was moved, until the column of air between it and the open extremity was of such length as to produce C, when made to vibrate, and this sound was then produced by bringing a vibrating C tuning-fork to the mouth of the syringe. The column was then shortened, by moving the piston, until it produced the next C above when made to vibrate; and then, upon using the same tuning-fork as before, not its own sound, but the octave above, was produced by the reciprocation of the column of air. Upon this law and fact was founded the explanation of the gimbard, or Jew's-harp. The tongue of this instrument, when made to vibrate, produces a very low sound; but if it be placed before a cavity containing a column of air, which vibrates much faster, but in the proportion of any simple multiple, then it produces other higher sounds dependent upon the reciprocation of that portion of air. Now, the bulk of air in the mouth can be altered in its form, size, and other circumstances, so as to produce, by reciprocation, many different

sounds; and these are the sounds belonging to the Jew's-harp. After explaining the nature of the instrument, by reference to several experiments, its great capability and beauty were proved to the fullest extent by the delightful performance of M. Eulenstein.

Upon the whole, we again express our opinion, that a more delightful lecture—accompanied by striking experiments, and tending to demonstrate new and curious facts in the theory of music,—was never delivered to a popular or scientific assembly.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

General Atlas, &c. No. V. By Sidney Hall. In our last *Gazette* we took occasion to state how much we were indebted to the preceding No. of this excellent work, for enabling us accurately to trace the movements of Baron Von Valentini, so interesting at a moment when every point he touches is likely to become a station of war between Europe and Turkey; and it is curious that, to the last-published No. which has just reached us, we have the same obligations to confess, as an illustration of the Travels of Captain Lyon in Mexico, which we are in the midst of reviewing. No. V. has North Italy, Switzerland, and Mexico: the first two, as well done as might be,—the last possessing some high claims to notice. Of Mexican geography it must be allowed that we have heretofore only known its deficiencies: the broad outline was, perhaps, observed; but the details were (and are) very defective. Under the direction of Col. Bourne, an engineer officer, who has resided many years in the country, and who has recently returned to England, a multitude of errors have been rectified in this map; and, as far as his extensive experience (being employed by the government in geographical surveys) goes, it has been so amended as to render it by far the most perfect map of Mexico in publication. Much, no doubt, must yet be done to make this country sufficiently known; and we may well complain of its geography, when we still see its second city, Guadalaxa, placed on the Rio Grande—and yet read in Captain Lyon that the river is some leagues distant from the town.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MARCH.

20 d. 2 h. 47 m.—The Sun enters Aries, according to the fixed zodiac, his true place among the stars being in the constellation Pisces. The inhabitants of the equatorial regions have this day a vertical sun, while those of the arctic and antarctic regions have an equal distribution of light and heat.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
O Full Moon in Leo	1	6	53
C Last Quarter, in Ophiuchus	8	17	18
● New Moon, in Pisces	15	9	38
○ First Quarter, in Gemini	22	23	2
O Full Moon in Virgo	30	22	18

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Libra	6	5	0
Mars in Ophiuchus	9	14	5
Mercury in Pisces	15	15	30
Venus in Aries	18	8	40
Saturn in Gemini	20	19	30

Mercury will this day (1st inst.) be at his greatest elongation, and visible after sunset, should the atmosphere prove favourable. 17 d. 18 h. 15 m. in his inferior conjunction, and passes three degrees and a half to the north of the Sun: both this planet and Venus have been seen when in this position, exhibiting a delicate crescent of light.

Venus now sheds a trembling flood of ra-

diance on the evening landscape, every tree and plant of which is prompt to obey the summons of the spring. So intense is the light of this evening star, that her course may be easily traced, from her rising to her setting, by the unassisted eye. This phenomenon of the shining of a star in the day-time has sometimes occasioned alarms in minds that have regarded the unusual, because unobserved, sight, as the precursor of some calamity. This was the case in the time of Dr. Halley, the celebrated astronomer, who had to allay the minds of the metropolitan city, by explaining the cause. 2 d. 19 h.—Venus will make a very close appulse to ♈ Piscium, a small double star in the ecliptic, the largest of the two stars of which it is composed being white, and the smallest of a bluish white: the planet will be to the south. The eclipse of a star by a planet, or that of one planet eclipsing another, is a phenomenon of very rare occurrence; these conjunctions have, however, happened, and been carefully noted. In the year 241 before the Christian era, a star in Cancer was eclipsed by Jupiter; January 9th, 1591, Mars eclipsed Jupiter; and 3d October the same year, Venus eclipsed Mars. In 1598, Venus concealed for a short time the star Regulus; also in 1737, Venus occulted Mercury; and in 1716, the planet Jupiter eclipsed Castor in Gemini.

5 d. 1 h. 15 m.—Mars in quadrature, and appearing with his greatest gibbosity. This defect of a circular form occurs with all the superior planets, when similarly placed relative to the earth, but is only perceptible with this planet on account of its proximity. Mars, when in quadrature, appears gibbous one-eighth of his diameter, and Jupiter only one-hundredth of his,—a defect too small to be detected with the best telescope, as die then only subtends an angle of 30 seconds.

Jupiter, rising before midnight, will soon divide the empire of the starry canopy with Venus: as the latter disappears below the western horizon, the appearance of the former may be anticipated in the opposite point.

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

	D.	H.	M.
First satellite	5	13	42
	13	15	36
	21	11	30
	29	13	25
Second satellite	6	13	11
	13	15	44
	17	12	39
	17	14	39
Third satellite	24	16	27

14th day—Saturn stationary in Gemini, forming a triangle with Castor and Pollux.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 22.—The Norrissian prize is adjudged to the Rev. W. M. Mayers, of Catherine Hall: the subject—*The proofs of a General Judgment to come, and the advantages of the knowledge revealed to mankind concerning it.*

At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following gentlemen were admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts:—F. Wright, G. P. Jenner, Trinity College; E. H. Outram, T. H. Noel Hill, W. Moore, St. John's College; T. Halsted, Trinity Hall; W. H. Smith, Queen's College.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.—A general meeting of the subscribers to this important Institution was held on Wednesday at Freemasons' Hall; Lord Auckland in the chair. A very favourable report of its progress was read by the Secretary; and it appeared, in the course of some discussion, that the building was nearly completed, so as to promise the active commencement of the system of instruction, lectures, &c. &c. in October next; that most of the profes-

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sors had been elected, from among candidates of great acknowledged abilities; that the plan of a botanical garden had been abandoned; and that of a subscription amounting to 71,205L (on Dec. 31st), 58,115L 12s. had been expended, leaving a balance of above 13,000L in the treasury. A voluntary subscription was opened for the erection of an hospital, rather than that the funds of the University should be diminished for that needful appendage. Upon the whole, the affairs of the University appear to be as prosperous as its friends could desire.

TURKEY.

AT the present moment every thing that relates to Turkey is peculiarly interesting. The following is the substance of a paper in the First Number of the New Asiatic Journal (published under the auspices of the Asiatic Society of Paris,) containing some novel and curious information with respect to the manners and the literature of that singular empire.

M. Schulz, a professor of the University of Giessen, and a member of the French Asiatic Society, left Paris in the middle of the summer of 1826, for the purpose of making a literary journey in Asia, and particularly with reference to the Persian empire. The varied and solid knowledge of this young man affords great reason to hope that his undertaking will be productive of an ample harvest of new and valuable observations on the languages, the literature, the antiquities, the geography, and the history of the oriental nations. During his stay at Constantinople, he addressed several letters to a friend in Paris. It appears that, among other things, M. Schulz had endeavoured, but in vain, to procure exact catalogues of the manuscripts contained in the various libraries of Constantinople. The moment was not favourable; the Turkish government shewed itself more suspicious than ever of Europeans. Not long before, a *firman* had prohibited all the booksellers of Constantinople from selling to non-Mussulmans any Arabic, Persian, or Turkish manuscripts. The dragoman of the French embassy having requested leave for M. Schulz to visit the mosques, to which it is known the greater portion of the libraries are attached, the Reis Effendi refused the required permission, observing, that the Porte was not in the habit of granting it, except to ambassadors alone. At last, however, the young traveller, having become acquainted with various learned persons, ulemas, and others, from whom he experienced the greatest politeness and kindness, obtained by their advice and recommendation the means of entering and examining at his leisure the finest and richest of those establishments. M. Schulz expresses himself full of gratitude for the attention and respect paid him in his visits to the libraries. "It is utterly absurd," he adds, "to believe that the population of Constantinople are as intolerant and fanatical as they are described to be in various European journals; which one cannot read here without indignation at the misrepresentations they contain respecting this capital, and, above all, respecting what has been passing here for some years."—He thinks it difficult to say how many libraries there are in the vast circumference of Constantinople. Many are almost unknown, which are nevertheless as rich in valuable works as the most celebrated. M. Schulz names thirty libraries, most of them very considerable, which he had visited when he wrote. It would have taken him many months merely to copy the catalogues of all the manuscripts in them; he therefore directed

his attention solely to the historians. He met in that class with most valuable works—works of which not even the names are known in Europe, or which have been generally thought lost. Limiting his efforts in this way, he had been able to draw up a large catalogue, in the Turkish language, of the historical and geographical books in sixteen of the principal libraries of Constantinople; which catalogue is now in the possession of his Parisian friend. In the mean while, M. Schulz made extracts from four historians, the names of which he believes have not yet reached Europe. These authors are, *Ibn-Alathir*, *Ibn-Alasakir*, *Ibn-Aladim*, and *Ibn-Khaldoun*. The first, according to M. Schulz, is one of the good Arabian historians, and enjoys a high reputation in the East. As for the works of *Ibn-Asakir* and *Ibn-Adim*, on Damascus and Aleppo, "they are," he observes, "quite colossal productions. It is difficult to conceive how one single man could, not compose, but merely copy, a work so gigantic as that of *Ibn-Asakir*, which forms eleven folio volumes, consisting, according to a calculation far from being exaggerated, of from twenty to twenty-two thousand folio pages of very small writing; that is to say, of a million of lines, and of from fifty to sixty millions of letters!" But the manuscript which has more particularly occupied M. Schulz during his stay at Constantinople is the great work of *Ibn-Khaldoun*, which M. Hammer had said did not exist in any of the libraries of that city. M. Schulz fortunately found it in seven folio volumes—M. Schulz has sent to his friend in Paris several useful Armenian books, and some Persian intaglios, one of which, beautifully executed, exhibits the remarkable union of Greek characters of a very antique form, much anterior to the age of Alexander, with the figure of a winged lion, similar to that which appears on the large bas-relievoes of Persepolis.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 265. *The Chosen Rose*. Mrs. Pearson.—The energy of Michael Angelo's mind, leading him to sculpture and fresco, induced him to contemn the practice of painting in oil, and to declare that it was fit only for women. By others, on the contrary, it has been considered as too difficult and complicated an attainment for a female hand. Such exclusive notions make no part of our system. It is with pride and pleasure that we see any of our fair countrywomen engaged in the pursuit of art, by the means which are now generally acknowledged to be the most powerful and the most lasting. The lady, the name of whose performance stands at the head of these remarks, has, at various periods, evinced talents of a very superior kind; and we feel assured that *The Chosen Rose* will not diminish her reputation in the eye of the judicious and candid critic.

No. 483. *May Morning; vide Akenside's Poems*. John Wood.—If we do not consider this as among the best of Mr. Wood's productions, it has nevertheless sufficient claim to attention, as being of a highly imaginative character, and exhibiting much beautiful and appropriate colouring. It might have been advantageous to its elucidation to have quoted the passage in Akenside—No. 76. *The Combat, a Study*—by the same artist—affords the means of forming an estimate of his powers, should he think proper to enter the lists in the severer competition of historical composition.

No. 324. *Queen Elizabeth and Lady Paget*.

H. Fradelle.—The pencil of this artist has on former occasions been successfully employed on incidents connected with the history and reign of Elizabeth; but the subject which he has selected on the present occasion seems to us to have but little interest for a picture. The composition is not of a character to recommend the work; but the colouring and the execution, in this, as well as in all Mr. Fradelle's productions, are highly beautiful, and perfectly adapted to cabinet pictures.

No. 161. *Admiration*. T. S. Good.—The models and casts which have here called forth the efforts of this artist have better claims to attention, and have created more interest, than anything of a similar kind presented to the public on the board of an itinerant dealer. We are not, however, inclined to give more credit to the management and execution of *Admiration*, than what belongs to the mere deceptive in art,—for which Mr. Good has on so many occasions displayed no ordinary talent. His pictures always remind us of the name of a stage-coach which runs between Stamford and London, called "Truth and Daylight." It must be observed, however, that there is refined truth as well as homely truth. In art there is the truth of Rembrandt, the truth of Titian, the truth of Claude, &c.—A picture may have too much light as well as too much obscurity; judgment and taste alone can determine the proper medium.

No. 45. *Musidora*. John Boaden.—A few years back, the performances of this able artist were invariably placed in an elevated situation in the gallery; yet there was always a charm in them sufficient to obtain our notice. In their present more favourable position we can speak more particularly, both to their merits and to what may in some degree be deemed their defects. The character and expression of Mr. Boaden's *Musidora* do not accord with our notion of what was intended by the poet. Instead of the retiring consciousness of the fair and timid creature of Thomson's imagination, we have a sparkling animation of quite another sort of being—beautiful indeed, but not with the beauty of Musidora. The sudden angle made by the upper and lower arm, takes from that grace of form which ought never to be lost sight of in subjects of this kind.—No. 59. *Edwin*—by the same artist—has, as well as the foregoing performance, much to recommend it in point of clearness of colour and facility of execution; but again, we do not consider this (any more than some other pictures that have been painted of the same subject) the Edwin of Beattie. It by no means follows that, because Edwin was "no vulgar boy," he is to have the air of "a young gentleman."—No. 107. *A Welsh Peasant*; and No. 279. *A Boy in a Vandyke Dress*, are perfectly in character, and are admirable specimens of Mr. Boaden's versatile talents.

No. 71. *A Domestic Scene*. A. Geddes.—A book or a picture must have a name; and an appropriate title, either to the one or to the other, is frequently very influential. In the arts, it is manifest that many performances are first painted, and afterwards christened. It is probable that this was the case in the work under our notice. After all, it is the quality of the picture that must stamp its value; provided the subject does not offend against propriety. The *Domestic Scene* of Mr. Geddes is entitled to great praise, both for its execution and for its effect: in the latter particular it would not discredit the pencil of Rembrandt.

No. 70. *Domestic Employment*. J. Z. Bell.—

We have here an elegant display of refined female character and occupation, which, combined with the interior and accessories, makes a very pleasing composition. If it does not express any powerful sentiment, or excite any very remarkable emotion, the firmness and harmony with which it is painted, and its other good qualities, must recommend this picture to the attention of the lovers and encouragers of the fine arts.

No. 484. *A Water-Mill at Ventnor*. Miss H. Gouldsmith.—In the landscape department of painting, Miss Gouldsmith is inferior in talent to few of the male professors of that branch of the arts. Her judicious choice of the picturesque, and the mellow tone of her colouring, always remind us strongly of the qualities which distinguished the Flemish school. To be imbued with a taste for the beauties of the Flemish masters, and to a certain extent to imitate them, is desirable; but especial care should be taken never to lose sight of that truth and that individuality which the study of nature alone can give.

No. 152. *Trouse Hall, Norwich*; painted on the spot. A. Stannard.—We think this work also partakes more of the Flemish style of the art than legitimately belongs to a picture "painted on the spot." Its elaborate finish must necessarily have required considerable time in the execution; and the character of our climate is much too variable to have enabled the artist, day after day, to paint from the same hue of atmosphere, and the same effect of chiaroscuro. Be that as it may, the excellence of the performance, however it may have been achieved, is an abundantly sufficient passport to regard.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BOYKROD.

"Oh, once again who would not be a boy?"—Byron.
THE dreams of early youth,
How beautiful they are—how full of joy—
When fancy looks like truth,
And life shews not a taint of sin's alloy.

When every heart appears
The temple of high thought and noble deed—
When our most bitter tears
Fall o'er some melancholy page we read.

The summer morn's fresh hours,
Her thousand woodland songs—her glorious
hues:—

Oh! life's so full of flowers,
The difficulty then is where to choose!
The wonderful blue sky—
Its cloudy palaces, its gorgeous fanes—
The rainbow tints which lie
Like distant golden seas near purple plains,

These never shine again
As once they shone upon our raptured gaze:
The clouds which may remain
Paint other visions than in those sweet days!

In hours thus pure—sublime—
Dreams we would make realities: life seems
So changed in after-time,
That we would wish realities were dreams!

C. SWAIN.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

TUESDAY Pasta superb throughout—especially in *Di Tanti*, with her ever novel and delightful. The same evening brought forward another novelty, in the shape of a revived Ballet, *Le Sicchia, ou L'Amour Peintre*, decidedly the prettiest and most attractive of the season: it was very successful. Mdlle. Albert,

the débutante, is a very graceful and promising dancer; and will doubtless be eminent hereafter, when her figure and strength mature. Her form is at present as slight as a sylph—a little too thin for tastes terrestrial as our own. The plot is very pleasant. We have a couple of old papas deceived by lovers; all very natural and amusing. A castanet dance was executed with great spirit, and scarce received the applause it merited.

The house was brilliantly attended (by far the best of the season hitherto); and in the foremost row of the pit we observed Mr. Thomas Moore, Rogers, Lord Spencer, and several other "noticeable" persons. Much novelty is in preparation, of which we shall give due notice.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Thursday, a new musical farce, from the pen of Mr. Morton, called *The Invincibles*, was produced at this theatre, with most complete and most deserved success. Mr. M. seems to have used a high-pressure steam-engine on this occasion; for he has condensed an uncommon quantity of fun, merriment, and wit, into an entertainment which is only too short. We have seen nothing so good nor so amusing for a long while: Fawcett, Power, and Vestris, have capital characters: Wood sings sweetly: the thing is, altogether, a hit; and not like the Dey of Algiers, if he comes here to look after our women, "the Day after the Fair."

ADELPHI.

Presumptive Evidence is the name of a new drama at the Adelphi. It is taken from the Card-Drawer, one of the tales from those of the Munster Festivals, and admirably adapted for the stage by Mr. Buckstone. The mixture of Irish humour with Irish crime has an extraordinary effect; and is so powerful, that laughing and weeping, in a strangely quick succession, alternated throughout the audience. It was curious, too, to observe, that the refined and the illiterate seemed equally touched by this striking composition of the ludicrous and pathetic. Mrs. Yates has a simple part, which she plays with exquisite feeling: Yates is almost terrible in a ruffianly murder; T. P. Cooke, as always, incomparable in the honest sailor, who is convicted (on presumptive evidence) of the assassination; Mr. Benson Hill, an excellent landlord; and Mrs. Daly, the perfection of a withered and ragged Hibernian Sibyl. This is a piece for all ranks, and will be one of the most attractive ever brought out even at this fortunate theatre.

NEW BRUNSWICK THEATRE.

THIS theatre only opened on Monday, and fell during rehearsal on Thursday—burying Mr. Maurice, one of the proprietors, and eight or ten performers and other persons connected with it, in the ruins. Of this dreadful accident the full particulars are hardly yet ascertained; but seven corpses have already been dug up.

ORATORIOS.

ON Wednesday Handel's *Messiah* was given at Drury Lane, and with great effect. The leading of Mr. T. Cooke, the splendid singing of Braham, the highly cultivated powers of Pascoe, and the sweetness of Caradori, formed the prominent beauties in this grand performance of sacred music.

FRENCH PLAYS.

THE French Plays are going on well, but not quite as well as they deserve, and as we

could wish them. Some dissatisfaction has lately evinced itself amongst the subscribers, who were either expecting too much themselves, or were led to expect rather more by others. We trust, however, that the fashionable world will make due allowances for the obstacles the management has to encounter. Great French actors are not to be had over for the asking—not even for the paying. There are ties which bind them to their theatres, and (as they no doubt would loftily express it) "to their nation!" which are not generally known in this country. Regular *congés* are very unwillingly given by the directors, particularly for England; and without one, the appearance of the performer on a foreign stage, though not at that moment under any particular engagement, would forfeit his claim to the pension which is allowed to those who have passed a certain number of years in the service of the public. As the principal Parisian theatres are open all the year round, it must be obvious to every body, that the formation of a complete and very superior French company in London must be a work of much time and difficulty, even if it be possible. The subjoined paragraphs from our Paris Correspondent, will throw farther light on this point.

Mademoiselle Cinti (Madame Damouroux) received 25,000 francs from the French, and 10,000 francs from the Italian opera. The directors of the French opera, fearing her voice might be injured by too much fatigue, insisted on her giving up the Italian opera, and refused to allow her any indemnity. On this, the fair warbler took the huff, and set off to her husband at Brussels. She had been there only a few days, when a deputation from the managers was sent after her. She now resolved to make her own terms: and to induce her to come back, the opera engaged to give her 40,000 francs instead of 25,000, and 200 every night she performed; and this without singing at the Italian opera. She is decidedly the best French singer on the stage: she knows all the resources of her art, and manages them so admirably, that they seem the inspirations of nature, to which an elegance of manner and her personal charms greatly contribute. She wished to get an engagement at the opera for her husband; but in this she did not succeed.

A grand question has just been decided as to the power of the directors of the theatres over the actors. M. de Rochefocaud has detained Madame Mainville Fodor two years against her consent. The theatres being under the control of government, and the grand opera, the comic opera, the Italian opera, the théâtre François, and the Odéon, being placed under the authority of the Viscount Sosthenes de la Rocheocaud, who has the charge of the Fine Arts, the royal theatres, &c. he considered he had a right to transplant actors from one theatre to another without their consent,—to forbid them playing save at the theatre he thought fit,—to compel them to remain and perform against their consent; and, in short, to treat them something like slaves. Madame Fodor was not so fortunate as Cinti, and had recourse to the tribunals, which, after two years, have decided in her favour, and proved that performers do not cease to be citizens, and are entitled to equal justice with all classes of his majesty's subjects. This decision has broken the viscount's sceptre in his hand; and it is believed he will instantly retire, to avoid the humiliations which must arise from the various actors, who will now assert their rights, of which they have been so long arbitrarily deprived.

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VARIETIES.

Steam-Vessels.—The advantages derived from steam-navigation in the late war with the Burmese, have not been forgotten in India. Two steam-vessels are at present building in the dock-yard of Calcutta, from plans and designs by Sir Robert Seppings, each of which is to have two forty-horse power engines. It is expected that their speed will be extraordinary.

The Rev. Edward Foster, A.M. Chaplain to the British Embassy at Paris, editor of a new edition of the Arabian Nights, Jarvis's Quixote, Hamilton's Tales, the British Gallery of Pictures, and author of several works of merit, died at Paris on Monday the 18th February. He leaves a widow and three unmarried daughters to bewail his loss.

Among recent deaths of literary persons, we have to notice that of the Margravine of Anspach, at Naples, on the 13th of January. She produced several dramatic entertainments, and furnished materials for her own curious biography.

Delpini, the celebrated clown, died lately in London, at an advanced age; and Mazurier, the famous representative of the monkey, at Paris, aged thirty.

Ultramarine.—It has been reported to the Académie des Sciences, that a M. Tunel has discovered the means of making an artificial ultramarine, which is finer and more brilliant than the natural; and which he can afford to sell at less than half the price of the natural. The process is a secret.

Acoustics.—Every body knows, that if a filament of India rubber be drawn out by a force applied to both ends, it becomes attenuated in exact proportion to its elongation; so that, although a change of form, no change of volume takes place; but it gains in one respect what it loses in another. It seems natural to suppose that the same would be the case with a metallic string. Such, however, is not the fact. If a metallic string be moderately drawn out, the diminution of its diameter will be found to be less than it would be were its attenuation exactly equivalent to its elongation: whence it may be inferred that a sensible void is produced between the particles of which the metallic string is composed.

Algiers.—It appears by no means improbable, that existing circumstances may lead to the final liberation of the Mediterranean from the ravages of the Algerines and other barbarous nations of Africa. The combined squadrons of the three great maritime powers of Europe having completed their object as regarded Greece, may perhaps do that which Pompey formerly accomplished with a much less imposing force, and against much more numerous enemies. There is nothing at present to prevent the founding of European colonies on the coasts of Africa, and in Mount Atlas, in order to drive the barbarians back into the deserts of the interior, which alone they ought to be permitted to inhabit. The trade of the Mediterranean might then be carried to the greatest possible height; the ancient Libya, the kingdom of Massinissa, the territory of Carthage, &c. would resume their fertility, and the celebrated cities of former times would rise again out of their ruins. These immense benefits, for which Africa would one day be as grateful as Europe, would cost the European powers much less than a single campaign of the wars which they make upon one another!—*Foreign Journal*.

French Industry.—The Society for the Encouragement of National Industry in France

exhibits great and laudable activity. A number of medals and other rewards have lately been distributed to various agriculturists, manufacturers, &c. and prizes of different amount are offered for the productions and inventions of the present year: among others, 2000 francs for the fabrication of bricks, tiles, &c. by machinery; 1000 francs for a machine to shave the hair off the skins employed in hat-making; 2000 francs for an isinglass or other substance capable of clarifying beer; 6000 francs for a facitious ultramarine; 3000 francs for the fabrication of paper from the bark of the *morus papyrifera*; 2400 francs for a new method of silvering looking-glasses; 1500 francs for the improvement of the materials employed in copper-plate engraving; 5000 francs for the desiccation of meats; 600 francs for a mill for cleansing buck-wheat; various prizes for the construction of simple instruments for extracting sugar from beet-root; for the importation into France, and the cultivation, of plants useful in agriculture, manufactures, and the arts, &c. &c. The amount of the prizes offered is 122,500 francs.

A Simple Remedy for the Hiccough.—Take about a tea-cupful of cold water at nine sips, and the involuntary sob will cease.—*Canfield's Lottery Argus*.

To make the Teeth White.—A mixture of honey with the purest charcoal will make the teeth white as snow.—*Idem*.

Archæology.—It appears, that excavations made during the last year in that ancient part of the town of Lîmes, in the arrondissement of Dieppe, vulgarly known by the name of Cæsar's Camp, have furnished new proofs that those remains are of the greatest antiquity, and belong to the time of the Belgians,—that warlike people, represented by Cæsar as the least civilized and the most formidable of the nations who inhabited the Gaulic countries, into which he carried the Roman arms and laws. Several curious antiquities, especially a cinerary urn, fourteen inches by eight, have been discovered during these excavations. The ruins of a Gallo-Roman village have also been found, between Bracquemont and Graincourt.

“*Two New Inventions*, by either of which, it is presumed, a man of enterprise might speedily accumulate a princely fortune,” have been offered to us through a printed paper, the contents of which, (as we are not likely to attain the desired fortunate end) we liberally communicate to the world at large. The first invention is “*A Method of Instantaneous Communication, over land, by day or night, between any Towns, at whatever Distance*.” The instrument, it seems, consists of two small boxes, connected with each other by rods of a peculiar kind, (not electric, magnetic, or galvanic) and so constructed, that the precise words of any piece of reading or writing may be communicated from box to box; and that any conversation may be held on any subject, and in any language, with the utmost facility and correctness!!

The second offer is, “*The Secret of constructing a New Machine of very great Power, called the Hydrodynamic Engine, for suddenly producing immense Pressure, which Pressure may either be continued, or instantly removed, at option*.”—“By it” (says the inventor) “a small quantity of liquid is made to exert an astonishing force, which is easily manageable, and perfectly free from danger. This force (being intermittent if required) can impart motion to every species of machinery, at an expense the most trifling. Fire is not employed,—nor is any more liquid requisite than

that used at first,—and yet the power can be increased to equal the strength of any number of horses. The sum expected for each secret is five hundred pounds down, and five thousand pounds more within twelve months after the purchaser takes out his patent.

Want.
Name not the name, though but in jest,
As you'd avoid plague—a pest—
“I want!” the import yet unknown,
Will turn your auditor to stone. D.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A splendid production has just issued from the French press of M. Sautelet: it is a Translation of Goethe's celebrated tragedy of Faustus, in folio, with seventeen capital lithographs from the pencil of M. Delacroix,—a young artist for whose reputation, both as regards manner and composition, this work will do much.

Messrs. Westley and Davis have announced for publication, towards the close of the year, the first volume of an Annual, intended expressly for children, and to be entitled the Evergreen. It is stated that it will be conducted by a lady, with the assistance of distinguished literary and dramatic eminent artists.

Mr. Allan Cunningham is preparing the first of a series of volumes under the title of *The Antiquary*, or Poetry and Prose for 1829. The work will, under the superintendence of Mr. Sharpe, be illustrated with engravings from the most celebrated pictures of the British school.

Cameosa.—Her Majesty the Archduchess, Duchess of Parma, has just presented a gold snuff-box to M. Antoine Brécolani, as a testimony of the satisfaction with which she received from him a copy of his beautiful translation into Italian verse (*ottava rima*) of Cameosa's *Lusiad*.

In the Press.—A Private Journal of a Voyage to the Pacific Ocean, and a Residence in the Sandwich Islands from 1822 to 1825, by C. S. Stewart, late American Missionary at the Sandwich Islands; with an Introduction and occasional Notes by the Rev. W. Ellis—Gomes Arias, or the Moors of the Alpujarras, a Spanish Historical Romance. By Don Teleforo de Trueba y Coello.—The Americans as they are: exemplified in a Tour through the Valley of the Mississippi, &c. By the Author of “*Austria as it is*”—The Sailor, and other Poems; some in the Scottish dialect. By William Gibson.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

February.	Thermometer.	Berometer.
Thursday.. 14	From 27. to 36.	29.73 to 29.44
Friday... 15	25. — 35.	29.56 — 29.72
Saturday.. 16	24. — 40.	29.47 — 29.60
Sunday... 17	24. — 39.	29.71 — 29.63
Monday... 18	20. — 39.	29.40 — 29.38
Tuesday... 19	30. — 44.	29.36 — 29.38
Wednesday 20	31. — 48.	29.30 — 29.16

Prevailing wind S.E. and S.W.

Except the 14th, generally clear; a heavy storm of hail and rain on the 18th.

Rain fallen, .95 of an inch.

February.	Thermometer.	Berometer.
Thursday.. 21	From 26. to 48.	29.04 to 29.06
Friday... 22	31. — 47.	29.04 — 29.10
Saturday.. 23	27. — 45.	29.34 — 29.46
Sunday... 24	33. — 46.	29.65 — 29.76
Monday... 25	45. — 53.	29.76 — 29.86
Tuesday... 26	45. — 55.	29.92 — 29.95
Wednesday 27	45. — 54.	30.00 — 30.14

Prevailing wind, N. and S.W.

Generally cloudy; a little rain on the 23d and 25th.

Hail fallen .2 of an inch.

Edmonton.
Latitude.... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.		
us this week to abridge and postpone a good deal: that interesting correspondence will, nevertheless, occupy two pages more in our next Gazette—combined with other novelties too late for the present.		
S. G. is unworthy of a place.		

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